



Rellis Rober.

Digitized by the Internet Archive in 2007 with funding from Microsoft Corporation

ENGLISH SONNETS

VOLUMES IN THIS SERIES

- THE MOUNT OF VISION: a Book of English Mystic Verse. Selected and arranged by ADELINE CASHMORE, with an Introduction by ALICE MEYNELL.
- THE SMALL PEOPLE: a Little Book of Verse about Children for their Elders. Chosen, Edited and Arranged by THOMAS BURKE.
- A COLLECTION OF BALLADS. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Andrew Lang.
- ENGLISH SONNETS. Edited with Introduction and Notes by A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.
- LYRICAL VERSE. Selected and Edited by Oswald Crawfurd. First Volume, 1558–1685.
- LYRICAL VERSE. Selected and Edited by OSWALD CRAWFURD. Second Volume, 1685-1846.

ENGLISH SONNETS

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION
AND NOTES
BY

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH

CHAPMAN AND HALL, LIMITED

First Published in 1897 Reprinted 1910

"The Sonnet—both thing and name—comes to us from the Italian." 1 Etymologically, sonnetto (from sonare, "to play upon an instrument") is a little poem with instrumental accompaniment: just as canzone is a poem intended to be sung merely, and ballata a poem accompanied with dancing.

But as a matter of fact the earliest sonnetti discoverable have a proper precision of form to which the ballad and song have never yet attained, and, most likely, never will attain. We cannot trace them back beyond the thirteenth century: but the sonnets of Lodovico della Vernaccia, Pier delle Vigne, Guido Guinicelli,

¹ Mark Pattison. Introduction to the Sonnets of John Milton.

Jacopo da Lentino, Guittone d'Arezzo and others, mostly dating between 1200 and 1250, scarcely differ in structure from the sonnet which Petrarch practised and handed down as a model to the present day. We will discuss the structure by and by,

Among these early Italians, Fra Guittone d'Arezzo-he was not a monk, but wore the prefix as a member of the half-religious, halfmilitary order of Cavalieri di Santa Mariaseems somehow to have walked off with the credit of having perfected the sonnet as an instrument: insomuch that Mr. Capel Lofft, who edited an anthology of sonnets early in the present century,2 salutes him as the Columbus of poetic literature. With what justice we are asked to prefer him above his brethren does not quite appear. But it seems certain that he enjoyed a great reputation in his own day, and by it gave a certain cachet to the sonnet-form which he approved and employed. Dante himself (1265 -1321), who considered Fra Guittone an overestimated person, uses the word "sonnet" of

The English reader will find some account of these early Italian singers, with illustrative translations of their work, in D. G. Rossetti's Dante and his Circle. Part II. Poets chiefly before Dante.

two forms of composition only; and one of these, and by far the more usual, is Guittone's form; the other being an arrangement of two sestets followed by two quatrains—with which we need not trouble ourselves. Guittone's form was finally lifted and sealed supreme by Petrarch's adoption (1304—1374), and as the Petrarcan we may henceforth speak of it.

The Petrarcan sonnet, then, has a matter and form of its own. In substance it is a reflective poem on love, or at least in some mood of love. It has a unity of its own, and must be the expression of a single thought or feeling. In structure it obeys the following rules:

I. It consists of fourteen lines; each line having five beats or musical stresses.

2. The lines must rhyme: and in the disposition of its rhymes the sonnet divides into two systems, the first eight lines forming the major system, and the remaining six the minor.

The major system of eight lines, or two quatrains, is called the octave: the minor system of six lines, or two tercets, is called the sestet.

3. The octave must contain two rhyme-sounds only: and although in some Petrarcan sounets

we find these arranged in simple alternation (AB, AB, AB, AB), in an octave of the normal type lines 1, 4, 5, 8 will rhyme together, and lines 2, 3, 6, 7 will rhyme together upon a different note (ABBA, ABBA).

4. The sestet may contain either two or three rhyme-sounds: but none of these must repeat or resemble the rhyme-sounds of the octave. And some hold that, to be perfectly normal, the sestet should have the division between its tercets clearly marked: thus e.g. we may have CDC, DCD, or CDE, CDE, besides other variations.

5. In expressing what the poet has to say, the sonnet must adapt itself to the intention of its length or structure. The octave should present the poet's idea, the sestet apply it: or the octave should introduce and develop an image, the sestet give back the general reflection suggested by it. In either case there will be a marked pause between the two.

Besides this indispensable pause, there should be—we may take it as a counsel of perfection and a rule subject to many conditions of expediency—two lesser pauses; the first between the two quatrains of the octave, the second between the two tercets of the sestet. Thus a Petrarcan

sonnet ordered upon a Platonic idea of perfection—upon a model "laid up somewhere in the heavens"—would run somewhat as follows: The first quatrain introduces the poet's thought or mood: after a slight pause, "as of one who is turning over what has been said in the mind to enforce it further," the second quatrain develops it: then after a deep pause, the ninor system opens, and the first tercet takes up the thought and applies it or reveals a deeper suggestiveness; and the concluding tercet sums up the whole matter in a general reflection.

Such then was the Petrarcan sonnet in matter and form; and such in matter and form (subject to minor experiments and variations) the sonnet remained in the hands of Michael Angelo, Tasso, and the great Italians; of Camoens; and of Ronsard, Du Bellay and the early French sonneteers.

The first English sonnets appeared in the year 1557, in the book commonly known as Tottel's Miscellany. It had for its formal title 'Songes and sonnettes written by the ryght honorable lorde Henry Howard, late earle of Surrey and other': and was in fact the first and posthumous edition of the poems of the Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyat, with

other pieces by contemporaries named and unnamed. The editor, Nicholas Grimald (whose name suggests Grimaldi and an Italian parentage1) avows the source of his poets' inspiration, and hopes by their experiments to prove that "the English tongue can earn like praise with the Italian and other." Tottel's Miscellany marks the opening of an epoch in the history of English song - an epoch of Italian influence which lasted for more than a century, and was not fairly superseded by the influence of France until the Restoration. Wyat and Surrey together brought the sonnet into England: nor can we say positively of this pair that one gave a lead to the other. But if one must have the credit, the probabilities favour Wyat. He was the elder: he had spent some time in Italy, which Surrey never visited: and he keeps more closely by the Petrarcan model, from which the sonnets of Surrey diverge, and on lines which subsequent Elizabethan poets steadily widened.

For these English experimenters, while constant to the Petrarcan tradition that in substance the sonnet should be a short reflective

¹ Professor Henry Morley. English Writers, vol. viii. pp. 51-52.

poem on love, in structure allowed themselves a licence of innovation which gradually evolved a type so unlike the Petrarcan that some critics have believed it a plant of independent growth, indigenous to our island.1 Others, such as the late Mr. Mark Pattison, will have nothing to do with it, and go so far as to declare that the immortal sonnets of Shakespeare (written on this model) are "not sonnets at all" !-the aim of such criticism being apparently the composite one of vindicating pedantry on the one hand and saving expense of labour on the other. "If it had been recognised," says Mr. Pattison, "that the so-called sonnets of Shakespeare are not sonnets at all, any more than those of Lord Brooke, but a continuous poem, or poems, written in fourteen-line stanzas, as Tennyson's In Memoriam is, largely, in sixteen-line stanzas, how much misplaced skill would have been saved!" It is usually possible to save yourself trouble by considering something as something else, especially if you thereby remove it from the category of things you happen to be studying into the category of things on which you propose to bestow no attention: but that you serve the

¹ This theory was advanced by Mr. Hall Caine, Sonnets of Three Centuries.

interests of sound criticism by this process seems disputable; and yet more disputable when you ignore an author's plain intention. One solid reason (among many) why the Sonnets of Shakespeare are sonnets, while the stancas of In Memoriam are not, is that Shakespeare was endeavouring to write sonnets, and Tennyson was endeavouring to do nothing of the sort.

On the evolution of this Shakespearian type we may say a few words. Wyat observed generally the Petrarcan form in the two opening quatrains (ABBA, ABBA), and the Petrarcan use of three rhymes in the second part of the sonnet: but he did not observe Petrarch's avoidance of couplets in the second part. He closed every sonnet with a couplet, and this innovation had far-reaching results. Surrey, in the ardour of experiment, attempted many different arrangements of rhyme, but always closed with a couplet; and to this conclusion Spenser was equally loyal. Its expressive value (and it has great expressive value, deny it who will) effaced for a time, in the appreciation of our poets, the more subtly expressive value of the octave and sestet, with their pauses. These vanished as it grew more and more the main business of the sonnet to

lead up to a couplet which clinched, as it were, the thought of the preceding lines with something of an epigrammatic stroke: until we find the structure of Surrey's loosest experiments adopted by Daniel and Shakespeare as the final type of English sonnet—the easy form of four quatrains and a couplet all independently rhymed.

Here are the two forms for comparison:

But not even Shakespeare could make the genius of our language content with this form.

More learned poets—Ben Jonson in his Sonnet to the Lady Mary Worth, Donne (whose fine Sonnet to Death will be found on p. 75), and Drummond of Hawthornden—soon reverted to the Petrarcan octave for its superior neatness: and Drummond, especially, composed sonnets in large numbers (mostly translations or imitations) which might fairly be called Petrarcan, but for their final couplets. No English writer could yet find it in his heart to end the sonnet otherwise.

Petrarcan in substance it had always remained—an exercise upon the theme of love, usually of hopeless or unsuccessful love: and the theme had fairly exhausted itself in sugared and artificial conceits, when a great poet arose and reformed the English sonnet in substance as well as structure.

Milton—scholar that he was—recognised the beauty of the Petrarcan type and revived its rhyme-arrangement, octave and sestet, with this difference—he obliterated the pauses. A Miltonic sonnet sweeps from opening to close without a break; it glows "as if he had cut his diamond in such a way that only one luminous light was visible to us": or again, "he con-

sonnet should be like a revolving sphere, every portion becoming continuously visible, with no break in the continuity of thought or expression anywhere apparent." In one example only—that addressed to Cromwell—did he admit the final couplet. For a true specimen of the noble impetuous Miltonic movement the reader should study the famous "Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints..."

But his great and enduring reform was one of substance. To each one of the poets who became colleagues in the Latin Secretaryship under the Protectorate there seems to have come the desire to discover some English vehicle for the Horatian Ode—that singular product so much easier to recognise than describe. Marvel attempted and scored one great success. I refer, of course, to his Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's return from Ireland, and may quote again the often quoted lines on Charles's execution, to exemplify its spirit and its stanzas:

"He nothing common did, or mean, Upon that memorable scene, But with his keener eye The axe's edge did try;

¹ Mr. William Sharp. The Sonnet, prefixed to his Sonnets of This Century.

Nor called the gods with vulgar spite To vindicate his helpless night; But bowed his comely head Down as upon a bed."

Though a success, it had no progeny. Milton, steering wider of Horace's Alcaics, chose a verse-form ready to his hand—the Sonnet. "If," says Mr. Robert Bridges,\(^1\) "we compare, for example, his Cyriack, whose grandsire, with Martiis ccelebs or Æli vetusto, there can be no doubt that Milton was here deliberately using the sonnet form to do the work of Horace's tight stanzas; and not the whole of Shakespeare's or Petrarch's sonnets set alongside will show enough kinship with these sonnets of Milton to draw them away from their affinity with Horace."

But, like many another great artist, Milton carried his experiment to issues far beyond his original aim. His sonnets were no chamber exercises: each owed its inspiration to a real occasion, and that inspiration of reality lifted it high above mere simulation of the Horatian mode. "Each person, thing, or fact is a moment in Milton's life on which he was stirred; sometimes in the soul's depths, sometimes on the

¹ Essay on Keats, printed as a Critical Introduction to the Poems of Keats, edited by G. Thorn Drury

surface of feeling, but always truly moved. . . It is a man who is speaking to us, not an artist attitudinising to please us." 1

"In his hand
The Thing became a Trumpet whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—"

And when, after a slumber of a hundred years, the sonnet awoke again in England, it awoke with Milton's seal on its brow. Wordsworth narrates that "in the cottage, Town-end, Grasmere, one afternoon in 1801, my sister read to me the Sonnets of Milton. I had long been well acquainted with them, but I was particularly struck on that occasion with the dignified simplicity and harmony that runs through most of them,—in character so different from the Italian, and still more so from Shakespeare's fine Sonnets. I took fire, if I may be allowed to say so, and produced three sonnets the same afternoon, the first I ever wrote except an irregular one at school." ²

Shakespeare, Millon, Wordsworth, Keats, Rossetti, Mrs. Browning—these are confessedly the great sonneteers of our language; and though all will not agree in accounting

¹ Mark Pattison.

² The irregular sonnet referred to is No. 125 in our collection. "Calm is all nature as a resting wheel..." Written, perhaps, as early as 1786.

Wordsworth the greatest, few will deny that his finest sonnets were harder to spare than any other's finest. They combine the reality, the "alive-ness" of Milton's with a more general and more permanent applicability: their verity is universal, and appeals to the conscience of all men. It is given to few to take more than an historical interest in the question of parochial endowment and others which agitated the Long Parliament. Only the initiated will listen with entire patience (because with understanding) to the arcana of love as uttered by Shakespeare and Rossetti; or sympathise with the languors of Keats, or with the passionate doubts of Mrs. Browning. But dull indeed would he be of soul who could pass by such a sonnet as Wordsworth's "The world is too much with us . . . " or his valedictory sonnet to Duddon, with its immortal close. "To find," says Mr. John Morley,1 "beautiful and pathetic language, set to harmonious numbers, for the common impressions of meditative minds, is no small part of the poet's task." It was the part which Wordsworth performed to perfection. His poetry, as Johnson said of Gray's Elegy, "abounds with images

¹ Introduction to the Complete Poetical Works of William Wordsworth, 1893.

which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo." "I never before," records George Eliot, "met with so many of my own feelings expressed just as I should like them." On the response of the common conscience of men Wordsworth's sonnets may rely for their perpetual justification.

For his form Wordsworth went back to the true Petrarcan, reintroducing the pause which Milton had slurred, and reassigning to the octave and sestet their proper functions. By the favour of such artists as Mrs. Browning. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Christina Rossetti, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. William Watson, Mr. Watts-Dunton, Mr. Gosse, and Mr. Andrew Lang. and by all but unanimous consent of the critics, the Petrarcan form has ever since retained its pride of place. Keats to be sure (whose sonnets some lovers of poetry rank next to Shakespeare's; though on what ground it is hard to see) provides the dissentients with a sorely needed support; almost all his early sonnets being Petrarcan in system and all his later ones Shakespearian. But the deliberate reversion of one poet, even of Keats's quality, cannot seriously shake the great mass of modern authority.

It is customary for those who write on this subject to give rules by which a good sonnet may be constructed. But our aim here is not to assist the reader in this or any form of composition. The sonnet has immense popularity just at present, among versifiers. Critics, on the other hand, begin to discover impatience with a form capable of enshrining so much verse of which one can only say, with Charles Lamb, " it discovers much tender feeling; it is most like Petrarch of any foreign Poet, or what we might have supposed Petrarch would have written if Petrarch had been born a fool!" It is hoped that a small volume containing specimens of the best English sonnet-writing of the past will provide the reader with a corrective and a touch-stone of taste. Certainly the study of these specimens ought to assure him that the Sonnet is no arbitrary or haphazard invention: that its length and its peculiar structure were not fixed on by chance; but that every rule has its reason; and that (in a phrase which I may be allowed to repeat) it is the men big enough to break the rules who accept and observe them most cheerfully.

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

ENGLISH SONNETS

Sir Thomas Wyat

(1503-1542)

THE LOVER FOR SHAMEFASTNESS HIDETH HIS DESIRE WITHIN HIS FAITHFUL HEART

THE long Love that in my thought I harbour
And in my heart doth keep his residence,
Into my face preaseth with bold pretence,
And there campeth, displaying his banner.
She that me learns to love and to suffer,
And wills that my trust and lust's negligence
Be ruled by reason, shame and reverence,
With his hardiness takes displeasure.
Wherewith Love to the heart's forest he fleeth,
Leaving his enterprise with pain and cry;
And there him hideth and not appeareth.
What may I do, when my master feareth,
But in the field with him to live and die?
For good is the life, ending faithfully.

HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY

Benry Boward, Earl of Surrey

(1518-1546-7)

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING: WHEREIN EACH THING RENEWS, SAVE ONLY THE LOVER

THE soote season, that bud and bloom furth brings,

With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale.

The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
The turtle to her mate hath told her tale.

Summer is come, for every spray now springs, The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;

The buck in brake his winter coat he flings; The fishes flete with new repaired scale;

The adder all her slough away she slings;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale;

The busy bee her honey now she mings;

Winter is worn that was the flowers' bale.

And thus I see among these pleasant things

Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY

A Vow to Love Faithfully, Howsoever he be Rewarded

SET me whereas the sun doth parch the green,
Or where his beams do not dissolve the ice:
In temperate heat, where he is felt and seen;
In presence prest of people mad or wise;
Set me in high, or yet in low degree;
In longest night, or in the shortest day;
In clearest sky, or where clouds thickest be;
In lusty youth, or when my hairs are gray:
Set me in heaven, in earth, or else in hell,
In hill, or dale, or in the foaming flood;
Thrall, or at large, alive whereso I dwell,
Sick, or in health, in evil fame, or good,
Hers will I be; and only with this
thought
Content myself, although my chance be

Earl of Surrey.

nought.

SIR EDWARD DYER

Sir Edward Dyer

(circ. 1540-1607)

THE SHEPHERD'S CONCETT OF PROMETHEUS

PROMETHEUS, when first from heaven high

He brought down fire, ere then on earth
unseen.

Fond of the light, a satyr, standing by, Gave it a kiss, as it like sweet had been.

Feeling forthwith the other's burning power, Wood 1 with the smart, with shouts and shriekings shrill,

He sought his ease in river, field and bower,
But for the time his grief went with him still.

So silly I, with that unwonted sight,

In human shape an angel from above,

Feeding mine eyes, th' impression there did light,

That since I run and rest as pleaseth Love.

The difference is, the satyr's lips, my heart,—

He for a while, I evermore have smart.

1 Wild.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Sir Walter Raleigb

(1552-1618)

A VISION UPON THE FARRY QUEEN

METHOUGHT I saw the grave where Laura lay,

Within that temple where the vestal flame Was wont to burn; and passing by that way To see that buried dust of living fame,

Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept, All suddenly I saw the Faery Queen:

At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept;
And from thenceforth those Graces were not seen,

For they this Queen attended; in whose stead Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse.

Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
And groans of buried ghosts the heavens
did pierce.

Where Homer's spright did tremble all for grief,

And cursed the access of that celestial thief.

Edmund Spenser

(1553-1598)

То ніз Воок

HAPPY ye leavés whenas those lily hands, Which hold my life in their dead-doing might,

Shall handle you, and hold in love's soft bands,
Like captives trembling at the victor's sight:
And happy lines, on which with starry light
Those lamping eyes will deign sometime to

look

And read the sorrows of my dying sprite,

Written with tears in heart's close bleeding book:

And happy rhymes, bathed in the sacred brook

Of Helicon, whence she derived is,

When ye behold that angel's blessed look,

My soul's long lackèd food, my heaven's bliss:

Leaves, lines, and rhymes, seek her to please alone,

Whom if ye please, I care for other none.

RUDELY thou wrongest my dear heart's desire,
In finding fault with her too portly pride:
The thing which I do most in her admire,
Is of the world unworthy most envied;
For in those lofty looks is close implied
Scorn of base things, and 'sdeign of foul dishonour.

Threatening rash eyes which gaze on her so wide,

That loosely they ne dare to look upon her.

Such pride is praise, such portliness is honour,

That boldened innocence bears in her eyes;

And her fair countenance, like a goodly

banner,

Spreads in defiance of all enemies.

Was never in this world ought worthy tried,¹

Without some spark of such self-pleasing pride.

¹ Proved to be worthy.

THE merry Cuckoo, messenger of Spring,

His trumpet shrill hath thrice already
sounded;

That warns all lovers wait upon their king,
Who now is coming forth with garland
crowned.

With noise whereof the choir of birds resounded

Their anthems sweet devisèd of Love's praise; That all the woods their echoes back rebounded,

As if they knew the meaning of their lays.

But 'mongst them all which did Love's honour raise,

No word was heard of her that most it ought:

But she his precept idly disobeys,

And doth his idle message set at nought.

Therefore O Love, unless she turn to thee,

Ere Cuckoo end, let her a rebel be!

This holy season, fit to fast and pray,

Men to devotion ought to be inclined:
Therefore I likewise on so holy day

For my sweet saint some service fit will find.
Her temple fair is built within my mind,
In which her glorious image placèd is,
On which my thoughts do day and night attend,
Like sacred priests that never think amiss!
There I to her, as the author of my bliss,

There I to her, as the author of my bliss,
Will build an altar to appease her ire,
And on the same my heart will sacrifice,
Burning in flames of pure and chaste desire:
The which vouchsafe O goddess! to
accept,
Amongst thy dearest relics to be kept.

FAIR Proud! now tell me, why should fair be proud?

Sith all world's glory is but dross unclean,
And in the shade of death itself shall shroud,
However now thereof ye little ween!
That goodly idol, now so gay beseen,
Shall doff her flesh's borrowed fair attire,
And be forgot as it had never been,
That many now much worship and admire!
Ne any then shall after it inquire,
Ne any mention shall thereof remain,
But what this verse, that never shall expire,
Shall to you purchase, with her thankless

Fair! be no longer proud of that 'shall perish;

pain.

But that which shall you make immortal cherish.

LIKE as a ship that through the ocean wide,
By conduct of some star, doth make her way,
Whenas a storm hath dimmed her trusty guide,
Out of her course doth wander far astray,—
So I, whose star, that wont with her bright
ray
Me to direct, with clouds is overcast,
Do wander now, in darkness and dismay,
Through hidden perils round about me placed;
Yet hope I well that, when this storm is past,
My Helice, the lodestar of my life,
Will shine again, and look on me at last,
With lovely light to clear my cloudy grief.
Till then I wander careful, comfortless,
In secret sorrow and sad pensiveness.

MARK when she smiles with amiable cheer,
And tell me whereto can ye liken it—
When on each eyelid sweetly do appear
An hundred Graces as in shade to sit?
Likest it seemeth to my simple wit
Unto the fair sunshine in summer's day,
That, when a dreadful storm away is flit,
Through the broad world doth spread his
goodly ray:

goodly ray:
At sight whereof each bird that sits on spray,
And every beast that to his den was fled,
Comes forth afresh out of their late dismay,
And to the light lift up their drooping head.
So my storm-beaten heart likewise is
cheer'd

With that sunshine when cloudy looks are clear'd.

LIKE as a huntsman after weary chase,

Seeing the game from him escaped away,

Sits down to rest him in some shady place,

With panting hounds beguiled of their

prey:

So, after long pursuit and vain assay,
When I all weary had the chase forsook,
The gentle deer returned the self-same way,
Thinking to quench her thirst at the next
brook.

There she beholding me with milder look, Sought not to fly, but fearless still did bide, Till I in hand her yet half-trembling took,

And with her own good will her firmly tied. Strange things meseemed, to see a beast so wild

So goodly won, with her own will beguiled!

Most glorious Lord of life! that on this day
Didst make thy triumph over death and sin,

And having harrowed hell didst bring away

Captivity thence captive, us to win:

This joyous day, dear Lord, with joy begin; And grant that we, for whom Thou diddest die.

Being with thy dear blood clean washed from sin.

May live for ever in felicity,

And that thy love we weighing worthily,

May likewise love Thee for the same again; And for thy sake, that all like dear didst buy,

With love may one another entertain.

So let us love, dear Love, like as we ought:

Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

FRESH Spring, the herald of Love's mighty King,

In whose cote-armour richly are display'd All sorts of flowers the which on earth do spring

In goodly colours gloriously array'd,—
Go to my Love, where she is careless laid
Yet in her Winter's bower not well awake:
Tell her the joyous time will not be stay'd
Unless she do him by the fore-lock take:
Bid her therefore herself soon ready make
To wait on Love amongst his lovely crew:
Where every one that misseth then her make,¹
Shall be by him amerced with penance due.
Make haste therefore, sweet Love, whilst
it is prime,

For none can call again the passed time.

¹ Mate.

ONE day I wrote her name upon the strand,
But came the waves and washèd it away:
Again I wrote it with a second hand,
But came the tide and made my pains his
prey.
Vain man (said she), that dost in vain assay
A mortal thing so to immortalise;
For I myself shall like to this decay,
And eke my name be wipèd out likewise.
Not so (quod I); let baser things devise
To die in dust, but you shall live by fame;
My verse your virtues rare shall eternise,
And in the heavens write your glorious

name:

subdue.

Where, whenas Death shall all the world

Our love shall live, and later life renew.

LIKE as the Culver ¹ on the barèd bough
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate;
And in her song sends many a wishful vow
For his return that seems to linger late.
So I alone now left disconsolate
Mourn to myself the absence of my love:
And wand'ring here and there all desolate
Seek with my plaints to match that mournful dove.

Ne joy of aught that under heaven doth hove Can comfort me, but her own joyous sight Whose sweet aspect both God and man can move

In her unspotted pleasance to delight.

Dark is my day whiles her fair light I miss.

And dead my life that wants such lively bliss.

Edmund Spenser.

Dove.

JOHN FLORIO

John Florio

(1553-1625)

CONCERNING THE HONOUR OF BOOKS
SINCE honour from the honourer proceeds,

How well do they deserve that memorize And leave in Books for all posterities

The names of worthies and their virtuous deeds:

When all their glory else, like water-weeds Without their element, presently dies, And all their greatness quite forgotten lies,

And when and how they flourished no man heeds!

How poor remembrances are statues, tombs,
And other monuments that men erect
To princes, which remain in closed rooms
Where but a few behold them, in respect
Of Books, that to the universal eye

Show how they lived; the other where they lie!

Sir Philip Sidney

(1554 - 1586)

WITH how sad steps, O Moon! thou climb'st

How silently, and with how wan a face! What! may it be that even in heavenly place

That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
I read it in thy looks: thy languished grace,
To me, that feel the like, thy state descries.
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon! tell me,
Is constant love deemed there but want of
wit?

Are beauties there as proud as here they be?

Do they above love to be loved, and yet

Those lovers scorn whom that love doth
possess?—

Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

COME, Sleep, O Sleep! the certain knot of peace,

The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,

The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and
low;

With shield of proof shield me from out the prease

Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw:

Oh, make in me those civil wars to cease!

I will good tribute pay if thou do so.

Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed, A chamber deaf to noise and blind of light,

A rosy garland and a weary head:

And if these things, as being thine by right,

Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in

me

Livelier than elsewhere Stella's image see.

HIGHWAY! since you my chief Parnassus be, And that my Muse, to some ears not unsweet,

Tempers her words to trampling horses' feet More oft than to a chamber melody, — Now blessèd you, bear onward blessèd me To her, where I my heart, safe-left, shall meet:

My Muse and I must you of duty greet, With thanks and wishes, wishing thankfully. Be you still fair, honoured by public heed,

By no encroachment wronged, nor time forgot,

Nor blamed for blood, nor shamed for sinful deed;

And that you know I envy you no lot
Of highest wish, I wish you so much bliss,
Hundreds of years you Stella's feet may
kiss!

My true love hath my heart, and I have his, By just exchange one for the other given; I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss; There never was a better bargain driven.

His heart in me keeps me and him in one;

My heart in him his thoughts and senses

guides;

He loves my heart, for once it was his own; I cherish his because in me it bides.

His heart his wound received from my sight;

My heart was wounded with his wounded
heart:

For as from me on him his hurt did light,
So still methought in me his hurt did smart.
Both equal hurt, in this change sought one
bliss:

My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

LEAVE me, O Love, which reachest but to dust,

And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things!
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust:

Whatever fades but fading pleasure brings.

Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be,

Which breaks the clouds and opens forth the light

That doth both shine and give us sight to see.

Oh, take fast hold! let that light be thy guide In this small course which birth draws out to death,

And think how evil becometh him to slide Who seeketh heaven, and comes of heavenly breath.

Then farewell, world! thy uttermost I see: Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me!

'Splendidis longum valedico nugis

Sir Philip Sidney.

THOMAS LODGE

Thomas Lodge

(1556?-1625)

- O SHADY vales, O fair enriched meads,
 - O sacred woods, sweet fields, and rising mountains:
- O painted flowers, green herbs where Flora treads,
 - Refresh'd by wanton winds and wat'ry fountains!
- O all you winged choristers of wood,

That perch'd aloft your former pains report, And straight again recount with pleasant

Wour present ious in surest and samply sout

Your present joys in sweet and seemly sort!

O all you creatures whosoever thrive

On mother earth, in seas, by air, by fire!— More blest are you than I here under sun:

Love dies in me, whenas he doth revive

In you: I perish under beauty's ire,

Where after storms, winds, frosts, your life is

ROBERT GREENE

Robert Greene

(1560-1592)

AH! were she pitiful as she is fair,

Or but as mild as she is seeming so,

Then were my hopes greater than my despair,

Then all the world were heaven, nothing woe.

Ah! were her heart relenting as her hand,

That seems to melt even with the mildest

touch,
Then knew I where to seat me in a land
Under wide heavens, but yet there is none
such.

So as she shows she seems the budding rose, Yet sweeter far than is an earthly flower; Sov'ran of beauty, like the spray she grows; Compass'd she is with thorns and canker'd

bower.

Yet were she willing to be pluck'd and worn,

She would be gather'd, though she grew on thorn.

HENRY CONSTABLE

henry Constable

(1562 - 1613)

To SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S SOUL

GIVE pardon, blessèd soul, to my bold cries, If they (importune) interrupt thy song Which now, with joyful notes, thou sing'st among

The angel-quiristers of heavenly skies;
Give pardon eke, sweet soul, to my slow cries,
That since I saw thee now it is so long,
And yet the tears that unto thee belong
To thee as yet they did not sacrifice.
I did not know that thou wert dead before,
I did not feel the grief I did sustain:
The greater stroke astonisheth the more,
Astonishment takes from us sense of pain.
I stood amazed when others' tears begun,

I stood amazed when others' tears begun, And now begin to weep when they have done.

HENRY CONSTABLE

TO SAINT KATHARINE

BECAUSE thou wast the daughter of a king,
Whose beauty did all Nature's works exceed,
And wisdom wonder to the world did breed,
A muse might rouse itself on Cupid's wing;
But, sith the graces which from nature spring
Were graced by those which from grace did
proceed,

And glory have deserved, my Muse doth

An angel's feathers when thy praise I sing. For all in thee became angelical:

An angel's face had angels' purity,

And thou an angel's tongue didst speak withal;
Lo! why thy soul, set free by martyrdom,
Was crowned by God in angels' company,
And angels' hands thy body did entomb.

Henry Constable.

Samuel Daniel

(1562-1619)

FAIR is my Love, and cruel as she's fair;
Her brow shades frowns, although her eyes
are sunny,

Her smiles are lightning, though her pride despair,

And her disdains are gall, her favours honey: A modest maid, deck'd with a blush of honour.

Whose feet do tread green paths of youth and love;

The wonder of all eyes that look upon her, Sacred on earth, design'd a Saint above.

Chastity and beauty, which were deadly foes, Live reconciled friends within her brow;

And had she pity to conjoin with those,

Then who had heard the plaints I utter now? For had she not been fair, and thus unkind.

My Muse had slept, and none had known my mind.

My spotless love hovers with purest wings,
About the temple of the proudest frame,
Where blaze those lights, fairest of earthly
things,

Which clear our clouded world with brightest flame.

My ambitious thoughts, confined in her face;
Affect no honour but what She can give;

My hopes do rest in limits of her grace; I weigh no comfort unless she relieve.

For She, that can my heart unparadise, Holds in her fairest hand what dearest is,

My Fortune's wheel's the circle of her eyes,

Whose rolling grace deign once a turn of bliss.

All my life's sweet consists in her alone; So much I love the most Unloving one.

AND yet I cannot reprehend the flight Or blame th' attempt presuming so to soar; The mounting venture for a high delight Did make the honour of the fall the more: For who gets wealth, that puts not from the shore? Danger hath honour, great designs their fame; Glory doth follow, courage goes before; And though th' event oft answers not the same. Suffice that high attempts have never shame. The mean observer, whom base safety keeps Lives without honour, dies without a name, And in eternal darkness ever sleeps: And therefore, Delia, 'tis to me no blot To have attempted, tho' attain'd thee not.

BEAUTY, sweet Love, is like the morning dew,
Whose short refresh upon the tender green
Cheers for a time, but till the sun doth show;
And straight 'tis gone as it had never been.
Soon doth it fade that makes the fairest
flourish.

Short is the glory of the blushing rose;

The hue which thou so carefully dost nourish,

Yet which at length thou must be forced to
lose,

When thou, surcharged with burthen of thy years,

Shalt bend thy wrinkles homeward to the earth;

And that, in Beauty's Lease expired, appears
The Date of Age, the Calends of our Death—
But ah, no more !—this must not be foretold.

For women grieve to think they must be old.

I MUST not grieve my Love, whose eyes would read

Lines of delight, whereon her youth might smile:

Flowers have time before they come to seed,

And she is young, and now must sport the
while.

And sport, Sweet Maid, in season of these years,

And learn to gather flowers before they wither;

And where the sweetest blossom first appears,

Let Love and Youth conduct thy pleasures
thither.

Lighten forth smiles to clear the clouded air,

And calm the tempest which my sighs do
raise;

Pity and smiles do best become the fair;

Pity and smiles must only yield the praise.

Make me to say when all my griefs are gone,

Happy the heart that sighed for such a one.

CARE-CHARMER Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my languish and restore the light;
With dark forgetting of my care, return:
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth:
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torment of the night's untruth.
Cease dreams, the images of day's desires,
To model forth the passions of the morrow;
Never let rising Sun approve you liars,
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in
vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain,

LET others sing of Knights and Paladines,
In aged accents and untimely words,
Paint shadows in imaginary lines,
Which well the reach of their high wit
records.

But I must sing of thee, and those fair eyes
Authentic shall my verse in time to come,
When yet th' unborn shall say, Lo, where she
lies!

Whose beauty made him speak, that else was dumb!

These are the arcs, the trophies I erect,
That fortify thy name against old age;

And these thy sacred virtues must protect

Against the Dark, and Time's consuming
rage.

Though th' error of my youth in them appear,

Suffice, they show I lived, and loved thee dear.

Samuel Daniel.

Michael Dragton

(1563-1613)

CLEAR Anker, on whose silver-sanded shore My soul-shrined saint, my fair Idea, lies;

O blessèd brook, whose milk-like swans adore Thy crystal stream, refinèd by her eyes!

Where sweet myrrh-breathing Zephyr in the spring

Gently distils his nectar-dropping showers, Where nightingales in Arden sit and sing

Amongst the dainty dew-impearled flowers;

Say thus, fair brook, when thou shalt see thy queen,—

"Lo, here thy shepherd spent his wandering years,

And in these shades, dear nymph, he oft hath been,

And here to thee he sacrificed his tears."

Fair Arden, thou my Tempe art alone,

And thou, sweet Anker, art my Helicon.

Why should your fair eyes with such sovran grace

Disperse their rays on every vulgar spirit,
Whilst I in darkness in the self-same place
Get not one glance to recompense my merit?
So doth the plowman gaze the wand'ring star,
And only rest contented with the light,
That never learn'd what constellations are
Beyond the bent of his unknowing sight.
O why should beauty—custom to obey—
To their gross sense apply herself so ill?
Would 'God I were as ignorant as they,
When I am made unhappy by my skill;
Only compell'd on this poor good to
boast—
Heavens are not kind to them that know

Heavens are not kind to them that know them most.

Love, banished heaven, in earth was held in scorn,

Wandering abroad in need and beggary,

And wanting friends, though of a goddess
born,

Yet craved the alms of such as passèd by; I, like a man devout and charitable, 'Clothèd the naked, lodged this wandering

guest,

With sighs and tears still furnishing his table,
With what might make the miserable blest.

But this ungrateful, for my good desert,
Inticed my thoughts against me to conspire,

Who gave consent to steal away my heart,

And set my breast, his lodging, on a fire.

Well, well, my friends, when beggars grow
thus bold.

No marvel then though charity grow cold!

SINCE there's no help, come let us kiss and part,—

Nay I have done, you get no more of me;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free;
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,

Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath, When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,

When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,

And Innocence is closing up his eyes,—

Now if thou wouldst, when all have given
him over,

From death to life thou mightst him yet recover!

Michael Drayton.

CHARLES BEST

Charles Best

THE MOON LOOK how the pale queen of the silent night

Doth cause the Ocean to attend upon her,
And he, as long as she is in his sight,
With his full tide is ready her to honour;
But when the silver waggon of the Moon
Is mounted up so high he cannot follow,
The sea calls home his crystal waves to moan,
And with low ebb doth manifest his sorrow.
So you, that are the sovereign of my heart,
Have all my joys attending on your will,
My joys low-ebbing when you do depart—
When you return, their tide my heart doth
fill:

So as you come, and as you do depart, Joys ebb and flow within my tender heart.

THOMAS CAMPION

Thomas Campion

(ob. 1620)

THRICE toss these oaken ashes in the air,

And thrice three times tie up this truelove's-knot;

Thrice sit thee down in this enchanted chair,
And murmur soft, "She will, or she will
not."

Go burn these poisoned weeds in that blue fire,

This cypress gathered at a dead man's grave, These screech-owl's feathers, and this pricking briar.

That all thy thorny cares an end may have. Then come, you fairies, dance with me a round.

Dance in this circle, let my Love be centre, Melodiously breathe out a charming sound,

Melt her hard heart, that some remorse may enter.

In vain are all the charms I can devise! She hath an art to break them with her eyes.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER

Josbua Sylvester

(1563-1618)

WERE I as base as is the lowly plain,

And you, my Love, as high as heaven above.

Yet should the thoughts of me, your humble swain,

Ascend to heaven in honour of my Love.

Were I as high as heaven above the plain,

And you, my Love, as humble and as low As are the deepest bottoms of the main,

Wheresoe'er you were, with you my love should go.

Were you the earth, dear Love, and I the skies,

My love should shine on you like to the Sun,

And look upon you with ten thousand eyes
Till heaven waxed blind, and till the world

were done. Wheresoe'er I am—below or else above

Wheresoe'er I am—below or else above you—

Wheresoe'er you are, my heart shall truly love you.

IGNOTUS

3gnotus

(From Musica Transalpina. 1597)

ZEPHYRUS brings the time that sweetly scenteth

With flowers and herbs which winter's frost exileth;

Progne now chirpeth, Philomel lamenteth,
Flora the garlands white and red compileth;

Fields do rejoice, the frowning sky relenteth,

Jove to behold his dearest daughter smileth;

The air, the water, the earth to joy consenteth, Each creature now to love him reconcileth.

But with me, wretch, the storms of woe perséver,

And heavy sighs which from my heart she straineth,

That took the key thereof to heaven for ever; So that singing of birds and springtime's flow'ring,

And ladies' love that men's affection gaineth, Are like a desert and cruel beasts devouring.

William Sbakespeare

(1564-1616)

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?

Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.

Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly,

Or else receivest with pleasure thine annoy? If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,

By unions married, do offend thine ear,

They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds

In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.

Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,

Strikes each in each by mutual ordering,

Resembling sire and child and happy mother Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:

Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,

Sings this to thee: "thou single wilt prove

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous
night;

When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;

When lofty trees I see barren of leaves

Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,

And summer's green all girded up in sheaves

Borne on the bier with white and bristly
beard,

Then of thy beauty do I question make,

That thou among the wastes of time must
go,

Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,

And die as fast as they see others grow;

And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can
make defence

Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day?

Thou art more lovely and more temperate:

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of

May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a

date;
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,

And often is his gold complexion dimm'd; And every fair from fair sometime declines,

By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;

But thy eternal summer shall not fade

Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest:

Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his

Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,

When in eternal lines to time thou growest; So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,

So long lives this and this gives life to thee.

WHEN, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,

I all alone beweep my outcast state,

And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,

And look upon myself and curse my fate, Wishing me like to one more rich in hope, Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd.

Desiring this man's art and that man's scope, With what I most enjoy contented least;

Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising, Haply I think on thee, and then my state,

Like to the lark at break of day arising

From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;

For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings

That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's

waste:

Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,

For precious friends hid in death's dateless

night,

And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,

And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight:

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone, And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er

The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I now pay as if not paid before.

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,

All losses are restored and sorrows end.

THY bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead,
And there reigns love and all love's loving
parts,

And all those friends which I thought buried. How many a holy and obsequious tear Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eve

As interest of the dead, which now appear

But things removed that hidden in thee lie!

Thou art the grave where buried love doth

live,

Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I loved I view in thee,
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

IF thou survive my well-contented day,

When that churl Death my bones with dust
shall cover,

And shalt by fortune once more re-survey

These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be outstripp'd by every
pen,

- Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme, Exceeded by the height of happier men.
- O, then vouchsase me but this loving thought:
 "Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
- A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
 To march in ranks of better equipage;
 But since he died and poets better prove,
 Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his

Full many a glorious morning have I seen Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,

Kissing with golden face the meadows green, Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;

Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,

And from the forlorn world his visage hide,

Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine

With all-triumphant splendour on my brow; But out, alack! he was but one hour mine;

The region cloud had mask'd him from me

Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;

Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-lockèd treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special blest,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives
scope,
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to

hope.

SWEET love, renew thy force; be it not said Thy edge should blunter be than appetite, Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,

To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:
So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with
fulness,

To-morrow see again, and do not kill

The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.

Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted
new

Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view;
Else call it winter, which being full of care
Makes summer's welcome thrice more
wish'd, more rare.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for
you,

Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
Save, where you are how happy you make
those.

So true a fool is love that in your Will, Though you do any thing, he thinks no ill.

LIKE as the waves make towards the pebbled shore.

So do our minutes hasten to their end; Each changing place with that which goes before.

In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

Nativity, once in the main of light,

Crawlsto maturity, wherewith being crown'd,

Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,

And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,

Feeds on the rarities of Nature's truth,

And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow;

And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,

Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

WHEN I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced

The rich proud cost of outworn buried age; When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed, And brass eternal slave to mortal rage:

When I have seen the hungry ocean gain Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,

And the firm soil win of the watery main, Increasing store with loss and loss with store;

When I have seen such interchange of state, Or state itself confounded to decay;

Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,

That time will come and take my love away.

This thought is as a death, which cannot choose

But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

SINCE brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,

But sad mortality o'er-sways their power, How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea, Whose action is no stronger than a flower?

- O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
- When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
 - Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?
- O fearful meditation! where, alack, Shall Time's best jewel from Time's quest lie hid?
- Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
 - Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?

 O, none, unless this miracle have might,

 That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to
dwell:

Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
If thinking on me then should make you
woe.

O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay,
Lest the wise world should look into your
moan

And mock you with me after I am gone.

THAT time of year thou mayst in me behold

When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do
hang

Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,

Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,

Which by and by black night doth take away, Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.

In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,

As the death-bed whereon it must expire Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.

This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong,

To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

FAREWELL! thou art too dear for my possessing,

And like enough thou know'st thy estimate: The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing; My bonds in thee are all determinate.

For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?

And for that riches where is my deserving?

The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,

And so my patent back again is swerving.

Thyself thou gavest, thy own worth then not knowing,

Or me, to whom thou gavest it, else mistaking;

So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,

Comes home again, on better judgment making.

Thus have I had thee as a dream doth flatter,

In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

THEN hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to
cross,

Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow, And do not drop in for an after-loss:

Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,

Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe: Give not a windy night a rainy morrow, To linger out a purposed overthrow.

If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last, When other petty griefs have done their spite,

But in the onset come; so shall I taste

At first the very worst of fortune's might,

And other strains of woe, which now seem

woe,

Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.

THEY that have power to hurt and will do none,

That do not do the thing they most do show, Who, moving others, are themselves as stone, Unmovèd, cold, and to temptation slow,

They rightly do inherit heaven's graces

And husband Nature's riches from expense:

They are the lords and owners of their faces, Others but stewards of their excellence.

The summer's flower is to the summer sweet, Though to itself it only live and die,

But if that flower with base infection meet,

The basest weed outbraves his dignity:

For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds:

Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

How like a winter hath my absence been

From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!

What freezings have I felt, what dark days
seen!

What old December's bareness every where!
And yet this time removed was summer's time,
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' de-

cease:

Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me

But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit;

For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,

And, thou away, the very birds are mute;

Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer

That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

FROM you have I been absent in the spring, When proud-pied April dress'd in all his trim

Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,

That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with
him.

Yet nor the lays of birds nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where
they grew;

Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,

Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,

Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.

Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,

As with your shadow I with these did

play,

THE froward violet thus did I chide:

Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells.

If not from my love's breath? The purple pride

Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells

In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed. The lily I condemned for thy hand,

And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair: The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,

One blushing shame, another white despair; A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,

And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath; But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth

A vengeful canker eat him up to death.

More flowers I noted, yet I none could see

But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming;

I love not less, though less the show appear:
That love is merchandised whose rich esteeming

The owner's tongue doth publish every where.

Our love was new and then but in the spring, When I was wont to greet it with my lays,

As Philomel in summer's front doth sing

And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:

Not that the summer is less pleasant now

Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,

But that wild music burthens every bough

And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.

Therefore like her I sometime hold my tongue,

Because I would not dull you with my song.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,

For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters
cold

Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,

Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd

In process of the seasons have I seen,

Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd, Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.

Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,

Steal from his figure and no pace perceived; So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand.

Hath motion and mine eye may be deceived:

For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred:

Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as your master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to
sing:

For we, which now behold these present

Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to

days.

praise.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,

Can yet the lease of my true love control, Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.

The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured

And the sad augurs mock their own presage;

Incertainties now crown themselves assured,

And peace proclaims olives of endless age. Now with the drops of this most balmy time

My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,

Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme, While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:

And thou in this shalt find thy monument, When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

O, NEVER say that I was false of heart,

Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify,
As easy might I from myself depart

As from my soul, which in thy breast doth
lie:

That is my home of love: if I have ranged,
Like him that travels I return again,
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken:
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks

be taken.

Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

THE expense of spirit in a waste of shame Is lust in action; and till action, lust Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame, Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust, Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight, Past reason hunted, and no sooner had Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait On purpose laid to make the taker mad; Mad in pursuit and in possession so: Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme; A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe; Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream. All this the world well knows; yet none knows well To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth, [Sport of] these rebel powers that thee array, Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth, Painting thy outward walls so costly gay? Why so large cost, having so short a lease, Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend? Shall worms, inheritors of this excess, Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end? Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss, And let that pine to aggravate thy store: Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross: Within be fed, without be rich no more: So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men, And Death once dead there's no more dying then.

William Shakespeare.

BARNABY BARNES

Barnaby Barnes

(1568-9-1609)

AH, sweet Content, where is thy mild abode?

Is it with shepherds and light-hearted swains

Which sing upon the downs and pipe abroad, Tending their flocks and cattle on the plains?

Ah, sweet Content, where dost thou safely rest?

In heaven, with angels which the praises sing

Of Him that made, and rules at His behest,

The minds and hearts of every living thing?

Ah, sweet Content, where doth thine harbour hold?

Is it in churches with religious men

Which please the gods with prayers manifold,

And in their studies meditate it then?—

Whether thou dost in heaven or earth appear,

Be where thou wilt, thou will not harbour here.

JOHN DAVIES

John Davies

(1570-1626)

WHILES in my Soul I feel the soft warm hand Of Grace, to thaw the frozen dregs of sin, She, angel, armed, on Eden's walls doth stand, To keep out outward joys that would come in;

But when that holy hand is ta'en away,
And that my Soul congealeth as before,
She outward comforts seeks with care each
way,

And runs to meet them at each sense's door.

Yet they but at the first sight only please,
Then shrink, or breed abhorred satiety;
But divine comforts, far unlike to these,
Do please the more, the more they stay
and be.

Then outward joys I inwardly detest, Sith they stay not, or stay but in unrest.

JOHN DONNE

John Donne

(1573-1631)

DEATH, be not proud, though some have called thee

Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost
overthrow

Die not, poor Death; nor yet canst thou kill

From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be.

Much pleasure: then from thee much more must flow;

And soonest our best men with thee do go—Rest of their bones and souls' delivery!

Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,

And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell;

And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,

And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou then?

One short sleep past, we wake etérnally, And death shall be no more: Death, thou shalt die.

RICHARD BARNFIELD

Richard Barnfield

(1574 - 1627)

To his Friend Maister R. L. IN PRAISE OF MUSIC AND POETRY

IF music and sweet poetry agree,

As they must needs, the sister and the brother,

Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,

Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.

Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch

Upon the lute doth ravish human sense; Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such

As passing all conceit needs no defence.

Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music,
makes;

And I in deep delight am chiefly drowned Whenas himself to singing he betakes. One god is god of both, as poets feign;

One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER

William Alexander, Earl of Stirling (1580-1640)

OH, if thou knew'st how thou thyself dost harm.

And dost prejudge thy bliss, and spoil my rest:

Then thou wouldst melt the ice out of thy breast,

And thy relenting heart would kindly warm.

Oh, if thy pride did not our joys controul, What world of loving wonders shouldst thou

see!
For if I saw thee once transformed in me,
Then in thy bosom I would pour my soul,
Then all thy thoughts should in my visage

shine;

And if that ought mischanced, thou shouldst not moan

Nor bear the burthen of thy griefs alone; No, I would have my share in what were

thine:
And whilst we thus should make our sorrows one.

This happy harmony would make them none.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER

SMALL comfort might my banish'd hopes recall

When 'whiles my dainty fair I sighing see; If I could think that one were shed for me, It were a guerdon great enough for all:

Or would she let one tear of pity fall

That seem'd dismiss'd from a remorseful eye,

I could content myself ungrieved to die,

And nothing might my constancy appall.

The only sound of that sweet word of "love,"

Press'd 'twixt those lips that do my doom contain,

-Were I embarked-might bring me back again

From death to life, and make me breathe and move.

Strange cruelty! that never can afford So much as once one sigh, one tear, one word!

William Alexander, Earl of Stirling.

William Drummond

(1585-1649)

SLEEP, Silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,
Prince whose approach peace to all mortal
brings,

Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings, Sole comforter of minds with grief opprest; Lo! by thy charming-rod all breathing

things

Lie slumbering, with forgetfulness possest,
And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
Thou spares, alas! who cannot be thy guest.

Since I am thine, oh come, but with that face
To inward light which thou art wont to
show;

With feignèd solace ease a true-felt woe; Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,

Come as thou wilt, and that thou wilt bequeath,—

I long to kiss the image of my death.

ALEXIS, here she stayed; among these pines, Sweet hermitress, she did alone repair; Here did she spread the treasure of her hair, More rich than that brought from the Colchian mines:

She set her by these musked eglantines—

The happy place the print seems yet to bear:

Her voice did sweeten here thy sugared lines, To which winds, trees, beasts, birds, did lend their ear;

Me here she first perceived, and here a morn
Of bright carnations did o'erspread her face;
Here did she sigh, here first my hopes were
born.

And I first got a pledge of promised grace; But ah! what served it to be happy so, Sith passèd pleasures double but new woe?

My lute, be as thou wast when thou didst grow

With thy green mother in some shady grove, When immelodious winds but made thee move,

And birds on thee their ramage 1 did bestow. Sith that dear voice which did thy sounds approve,

Which used in such harmonious strains to flow,

Is reft from earth to tune those spheres above,

What art thou but a harbinger of woe?

Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more, But orphan wailings to the fainting ear; Each stop a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear;

Be therefore silent as in woods before:

Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
Like widowed turtle still her loss complain.

Music of the bough, woodland song.

SWEET Spring, thou turn'st with all thy goodly train,

Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flowers;

The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,

The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their
showers:

Thou turn'st, sweet youth; but ah! my pleasant hours

And happy days with thee come not again:

The sad memorials only of my pain

Do with thee turn, which turn my sweets in sours.

Thou art the same which still thou wast before,

Delicious, wanton, amiable, fair;

But she, whose breath embalmed thy wholesome air,

Is gone; nor gold nor gems her can restore.

Neglected Virtue! seasons go and come,
While thine, forgot, lie closèd in a tomb.

What doth it serve to see Sun's burning face, And skies enamelled with both Indies' gold? Or moon at night in jetty chariot rolled,

And all the glory of that starry place?

What doth it serve earth's beauty to behold,—

The mountains' pride, the meadows' flowery grace,

The stately comeliness of forests old,

The sport of floods which would themselves embrace?

What doth it serve to hear the sylvans' songs, The wanton merle, the nightingale's sad strains,

Which in dark shades seem to deplore my wrongs?—

For what doth serve all that this world contains?—

Sith she for whom those once to me were dear

No part of them can have now with me here!

No TRUST IN TIME

LOOK how the flower which lingeringly doth fade.

The morning's darling late, the summer's queen,

Spoiled of that juice which kept it fresh and green,

As high as it did raise, bows low the head:

Right so my life, contentments being dead,

Or in their contraries but only seen,

With swifter speed declines than erst it spread, And blasted, scarce now shows what it hath been.

As doth the pilgrim therefore, whom the night

By darkness would imprison on his way,

Think on thy home, my soul, and think aright Of what yet rests thee of life's wasting day!

Thy sun posts westward, passed is thy morn.

And twice it is not given thee to be born.

THE BOOK OF THE WORLD

Of this fair volume which we World do name,

If we the sheets and leaves could turn with

care,

Of Him who it corrects and did it frame,

We clear might read the art and wisdom

rare:

Find out His power which wildest powers doth tame,

His providence extending everywhere, His justice which proud rebels doth not spare,

In every page, no period of the same.

But silly we, like foolish children, rest

Well pleased with coloured vellum, leaves of gold,

Fair dangling ribbons, leaving what is best,

On the great writer's sense ne'er taking hold;

Or if by chance we stay our minds on aught,

It is some picture on the margin wrought.

THE BAPTIST

THE last and greatest herald of heaven's King, Girt with rough skins, hies to the deserts wild,

Among that savage brood the woods forth bring,

Which he than man more harmless found and mild.

His food was locusts, and what there doth spring,

With honey that from virgin hives distilled; Parcht body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing

Made him appear, long since from earth exiled.

There burst he forth: All ye whose hopes rely

On God, with me amidst these deserts

Repent, repent, and from old errors turn!— Who listened to his voice, obeyed his cry?

Only the echoes, which he made relent, Rung from their flinty caves, Repent! Repent!

THE MAGDALEN

THESE eyes, dear Lord! once brandons of desire,

Frail scouts betraying what they had to keep,

Which their own heart, then others set on fire,
Their traitrous black before Thee here outweep:

These locks, of blushing deeds the fair attire, Smooth-frizzled waves, sad shelves which shadow deep,

Soul-stinging serpents in gilt curls which creep,

To touch Thy sacred feet do now aspire.

In seas of care behold a sinking bark,

By winds of sharp remorse unto Thee driven;

Oh, let me not exposed be ruin's mark!

My faults confest—Lord, say they are forgiven!

Thus sighed to Jesus the Bethanian fair, His tear-wet feet still drying with her hair.

TO A NIGHTINGALE

Sweet bird, that sing'st away the early hours, Of winters past or coming void of care, Well pleased with delights which present are.

Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers:

To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers

Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare, And what dear gifts on thee He did not spare,

A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.

What soul can be so sick which by thy songs, Attired in sweetness, sweetly is not driven

Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,

And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven!

Sweet artless songster, thou my mind dost raise

To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.

CONTENT AND RESOLUTE

As when it happeneth that some lovely town
Unto a barbarous besieger falls,
Who there by sword and flame himself installs.

And, cruel, it in tears and blood doth drown;
Her beauty spoiled, her citizens made thralls,
His spite yet so can not her all throw down
But that some statue, arch, fane of renown
Yet lurks unmaimed within her weeping
walls:

So, after all the spoil, disgrace, and wrack,

That time, the world, and death, could
bring combined,

Amidst that mass of ruins they did make,

Safe and all scarless yet remains my mind.

From this so high transcending rapture
springs,

That I, all else defaced, not envy kings.

William Drummond.

WILLIAM BROWNE

William Browne of Tavistock

(1590-1645)

A ROSE, as fair as ever saw the north, Grew in a little garden all alone:

A sweeter flower did Nature ne'er put forth, Nor fairer garden yet was never known.

The maidens danced about it morn and noon, And learned bards of it their ditties made;

The nimble fairies, by the pale-faced moon,

Watered the root, and kissed her pretty
shade.

But, welladay! the gardener careless grew,

The maids and fairies both were kept away,

And in a drought the caterpillars threw

Themselves upon the bud and every spray.

God shield the stock! If heaven send no

God shield the stock! If heaven send no supplies,

The fairest blossom of the garden dies.

GEORGE HERBERT

George Herbert

(1593-1632)

SIN

LORD, with what care hast Thou begirt us

Parents first season us; then schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws; they send us bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers,
Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,
Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of surprises;
Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness,
The sound of glory ringing in our ears;
Without, our shame; within, our consciences;
Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears.
Yet all these fences and their whole array
One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away.

WILLIAM HABINGTON

William Babington

(1605-1645)

Love's Anniversary

To the sun

THOU art returned, great light, to that blest hour

In which I first by marriage, sacred power,
Joined with Castara hearts: and as the same
Thy lustre is, as then, so is our flame;
Which had increased, but that by love's decree

'Twas such at first it ne'er could greater be.

But tell me, glorious lamp, in thy survey
Of things below thee, what did not decay
By age to weakness?—I since that have seen
The rose bud forth and fade, the tree grow
green

And wither, and the beauty of the field With winter wrinkled. Even thyself dost yield

Something to time, and to thy grave fall nigher;—

But virtuous love is one sweet endless fire.

John Milton

(1608-1674)

To THE NIGHTINGALE

O NIGHTINGALE! that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are
still,

Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,

While the jolly hours lead on propitious May. Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,

First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill, Portend success in love. O, if Jove's will Have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,

Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate Foretell my hopeless doom, in some grove nigh;

As thou from year to year hast sung too late

For my relief, yet hadst no reason why.

Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate, Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

On his having Arrived at the Age of Twenty-three

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth, Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!

My hasting days fly on with full career, But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.

Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth

That I to manhood am arrived so near;
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely happy spirits indu'th.
Yet, be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will

All is, if I have grace to use it so,

As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye.

of Heaven.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY

CAPTAIN or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,

Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,

If deed of honour did thee ever please,

Guard them, and him within protect from harms.

He can requite thee; for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as
these,

And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,

Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.

Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:

The great Emathian conqueror bid spare

The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower

Went to the ground; and the repeated air Of sad Electra's poet had the power

To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

To a virtuous Young Ladv

LADY, that in the prime of earliest youth

Wisely hast shunned the broad way and
the green,

And with those few art eminently seen
That labour up the hill of heavenly Truth,
The better part with Mary and with Ruth
Chosen thou hast; and they that overween.

And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen, No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth. Thy care is fixed, and zealously attends

To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,

And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure

Thou, when the Bridegroom with his feastful friends

Passes to bliss at the mid-hour of night,

Hast gained thy entrance, virgin wise
and pure.

To the LADY MARGARET LEY

DAUGHTER to that good Earl, once President
Of England's Council and her Treasury,
Who lived in both unstained with gold or
fee,

And left them both, more in himself content,
Till the sad breaking of that Parliament
Broke him, as that dishonest victory
At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,
Killed with report that old man eloquent,
Though later born than to have known the
days

Wherein your father flourished, yet by you,

Madam, methinks I see him living yet:

So well your words his noble virtues praise

That all both judge you to relate them
true

And to possess them, honoured Margaret.

To Mr. H. LAWES ON HIS AIRS

HARRY, whose tuneful and well-measured song First taught our English music how to span

Words with just note and accent, not to scan

With Midas' ears, committing short and long, Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,

With praise enough for Envy to look wan; To after age thou shalt be writ the man

That with smooth air couldst humour best our tongue.

Thou honour'st Verse, and Verse must send her wing

To honour thee, the priest of Phœbus' quire,

That tunest their happiest lines in hymn or story.

Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher

Than his Casella, whom he wooed to sing, Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

On the Religious Memory of Mrs. Catherine Thomson, my Christian Friend, deceased Dec. 16, 1646

WHEN Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,

Had ripened thy just soul to dwell with God,

Meekly thou didst resign this earthy load Of death, called life, which us from life doth sever.

Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavour.

Stayed not behind, nor in the grave were trod:

But, as Faith pointed with her golden rod, Followed thee up to joy and bliss for ever

Love led them on; and Faith, who knew them best

Thy handmaids, clad them o'er with purple

And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,

And speak the truth of thee on glorious themes

Before the Judge; who thenceforth bid thee rest,

And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

To the Lord General Cromwell, May 1652

ON THE PROPOSALS OF CERTAIN MINISTERS AT THE COMMITTEE FOR PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud

Not of war only, but detractions rude, Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,

To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,

And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud

Hast reared God's trophies, and His work
pursued,

While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued.

And Dunbar field, resounds thy praises loud, And Worcester's laureate wreath: yet much remains

To conquer still; Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than War: new foes arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with secular
chains.

Help us to save free conscience from the paw

Of hireling wolves, whose Gospel is their maw.

To Sir Henry Vane the Younger
Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel
old.

Than whom a better senator ne'er held The helm of Rome, when gowns, not arms, repelled

The fierce Epirot and the African bold,
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow states hard to be spelled;

Then to advise how war may, best upheld, Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,

In all her equipage; besides, to know

Both spiritual power and civil, what each means,

What severs each, thou hast learned, which few have done.

The bounds of either sword to thee we owe:

Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones

Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold; Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old.

When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,

Forget not: in Thy book record their groans
Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient
fold

Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that rolled Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans

The vales redoubled to the hills, and they

To heaven. Their martyred blood and

ashes sow

O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway

The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow

A hundredfold, who, having learnt Thy way, Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

WHEN I consider how my light is spent

Ere half my days in this dark world and
wide,

And that one talent which is death to hide Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He, returning, chide,
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not

Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best

Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best. His state

Is kingly: thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

TO MR. LAWRENCE

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,

Now that the fields are dank, and ways
are mire,

Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire

Help waste a sullen day, what may be won
From the hard season gaining? Time will
run

On smoother, till Favonius reinspire

The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire

The lily and rose, that neither sowed nor spun.

What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice.

Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may

To hear the lute well touched, or artful voice Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air? He who of those delights can judge, and spare

To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

TO CYRIACK SKINNER

CYRIACK, whose grandsire on the royal bench Of British Themis, with no mean applause, Pronounced, and in his volumes taught, our laws,

Which others at their bar so often wrench,

To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to

drench

In mirth that after no repenting draws; Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,

And what the Swede intend, and what the French.

To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest
way;

For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,

And disapproves that care, though wise in show,

That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And, when God sends a cheerful hour,
refrains.

TO THE SAME

CYRIACK, this three years' day these eyes, though clear,

To outward view, of blemish or of spot, Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;

Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear

Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year, Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not

Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot

Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?

The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied

In Liberty's defence, my noble task,

Of which all Europe rings from side to side.

This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask

Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband
gave,

Rescued from Death by force, though pale and faint.

Mine, as whom washed from spot of child-bed taint

Purification in the Old Law did save,
And such as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind.

Her face was veiled; yet to my fancied sight

Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined So clear as in no face with more delight.

But, oh! as to embrace me she inclined,

I waked, she fled, and day brought back my
night.

John Milton.

THOMAS EDWARDS

Thomas Edwards

(1699-1757)

To RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE

CAMBRIDGE, with whom, my pilot and my guide,

Pleased I have traversed thy Sabrina's flood, Both where she foams impetuous, soiled with mud,

And where she peaceful rolls her golden tide; Never, oh, never let ambition's pride

(Too oft pretexèd with our country's good), And tinselled pomp, despised when understood.

Or thirst of wealth, thee from her banks divide!

Reflect how calmly, like her infant wave,
Flows the clear current of a private life;
See the wide public stream, by tempests
tost.

Of every changing wind the sport or slave, Soiled with corruption, vexed with party strife,

Covered with wrecks of peace and honour lost.

THOMAS GRAY

Thomas Gray

(1706-1771)

ON THE DEATH OF RICHARD WEST

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine, And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire; The birds in vain their amorous descant join, Or cheerful fields resume their green attire:

These ears, alas! for other notes repine, A different object do these eyes require;

My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine,

And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.

Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,

And new-born pleasure brings to happier

men;

The fields to all their wonted tribute bear,

To warm their little loves the birds complain:

I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,

And weep the more because I weep in vain.

WILLIAM MASON

William Mason

(1725-1797)

Anniversary. Feb. 23, 1795

A PLAINTIVE sonnet flowed from Milton's pen When Time had stolen his three-and-twentieth year:

Say, shall not I then shed one tuneful tear, Robbed by the thief of three-score years and ten?

No! for the foes of all life-lengthened men, Trouble and toil, approach not yet too near; Reason, meanwhile, and health, and memory dear

Hold unimpaired their weak yet wonted reign:

Still round my sheltered lawn I pleased can stray;

Still trace my sylvan blessings to their spring:

BEING of BEINGS I yes, that silent lay
Which musing Gratitude delights to sing,
Still to thy sapphire throne shall Faith convey,
And Hope, the cherub of unwearied wing.

THOMAS WARTON

Thomas Warton

(1728-1790)

WHEN late the trees were stript by Winter pale,

Young Health, a dryad-maid in vesture green,

Or like the forest's silver-quiver'd queen, On airy uplands met the piercing gale; And, ere its earliest echo shook the vale,

Watching the hunter's joyous horn was seen.
But since, gay-thron'd in fiery chariot sheen,
Summer has smote each daisy-dappled dale,
She to the cave retires, high-arched beneath
The fount that layes proud Isis' towery

The fount that laves proud Isis' towery brim;

And now all glad the temperate air to breathe,

While cooling drops distil from arches dim,

Binding her dewy locks with sedgy wreath She sits amid the quire of Naiads trim.

THOMAS WARTON

Written in a blank leaf of Dugdale's 'Monasticon'

DEEM not devoid of elegance the sage,
By Fancy's genuine feelings unbeguiled,
Of painful pedantry the poring child,
Who turns of these proud domes the historic

page,

Now sunk by Time and Henry's fiercer rage.

Think'st thou the warbling Muses never smiled

On his lone hours? Ingenuous views engage
His thoughts, on themes, unclassic falsely
styled,

Intent. While cloistered Piety displays

Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores

New manners, and the pomp of elder days,

Whence culls the pensive bard his pictured stores.

Nor rough nor barren are the winding ways Of hoar Antiquity, but strewn with flowers.

THOMAS WARTON

To THE RIVER LODON

AH! what a weary race my feet have run,

Since first I trod thy banks with alders

crowned,

And thought my way was all through fairy ground,

Beneath thy azure sky and golden sun:

Where first my Muse to lisp her notes begun!

While pensive Memory traces back the round

Which fills the varied interval between;

Much pleasure, more of sorrow, marks the
scene.

Sweet native stream! those skies and suns so pure

No more return, to cheer my evening road! Yet still one joy remains,—that not obscure, Nor useless, all my vacant days have flowed, From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime

Nor with the Muse's laurel unbestowed.

Thomas Warton.

mature;

WILLIAM COWPER

William Cowper

(1731 - 1800)

To Henry Cowper, on his Defence of Warren Hastings in the House of Lords

COWPER, whose silver voice, task'd sometimes hard

Legends prolix delivers in the ears
(Attentive when thou read'st) of England's
peers,

Let verse at length yield thee thy just reward. Thou wast not heard with drowsy disregard, Expending late on all that length of plea Thy generous pow'rs; but silence honoured thee.

Mute as e'er gazed on orator or bard.

Thou art not voice alone; but hast beside

Both heart and head; and couldst with

music sweet

Of Attic phrase and senatorial tone, Like thy renown'd forefathers, far and wide Thy fame diffuse, praised not for utterance meet

Of other's speech, but magic of thy own.

WILLIAM COWPER

To Mrs. Unwin

MARY! I want a lyre with other strings,

Such aid from heaven as some have feigned
they drew,

An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new
And undebased by praise of meaner things;
That, ere through age or woe I shed my wings,
I may record thy worth with honour due,
In verse as musical as thou art true,
And that immortalizes whom it sings.
But thou hast little need. There is a Book
By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly
light.

On which the eyes of God not rarely look,

A chronicle of actions just and bright;

There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary,
shine:

And since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.

William Cowper.

ANNA SEWARD

Anna Seward

(1747-1809)

DECEMBER MORNING

I LOVE to rise ere gleams the tardy light, Winter's pale dawn; and as warm fires illume,

And cheerful tapers shine around the room, Through misty windows bend my musing sight, Where, round the dusky lawn, the mansions white.

With shutters closed, peer faintly through the gloom

That slow recedes; while you grey spires assume,

Rising from their dark pile, an added height By indistinctness given.—Then to decree

The grateful thoughts to God, ere they unfold

To friendship or the Muse, or seek with glee Wisdom's rich page. O hours more worth than gold,

By whose blest use we lengthen life, and, free From drear decays of age, outlive the old!

CHARLOTTE SMITH

Charlotte Smith

(1749-1806)

SWEET poet of the woods, a long adieu!

Farewell, soft minstrel of the early year!

Ah! 'twill be long ere thou shalt sing anew,

And pour thy music on the night's dull ear.

Whether on spring thy wandering flights

await.

Or whether silent in our groves you dwell, The pensive Muse shall own you for her mate, And still protect the song she loves so well. With cautious step the lovelorn youth shall

glide
Thro' the lone glade that shades thy mossy nest,

And shepherd-girls from eyes profane shall hide

The gentle bird who sings of pity best;

For still thy voice shall soft affections move,

And still be dear to sorrow and to love.

JOHN CODRINGTON BAMFYLDE

John Codrington Bamfylde

(1754 - 1796)

ON A WET SUMMER

ALL ye who far from town in rural hall,

Like me, were wont to dwell near pleasant
field,

Enjoying all the sunny day did yield, With me the change lament, in irksome thrall, By rains incessant held; for now no call

From early swain invites my hand to wield The scythe. In parlour dim I sit concealed, And mark the lessening sand from hour-glass fall:

Or 'neath my window view the wistful train
Of dripping poultry, whom the vine's broad
leaves

Shelter no more. Mute is the mournful plain;
Silent the swallow sits beneath the thatch,
And vacant hind hangs pensive o'er his
hatch.

Counting the frequent drips from reeded eaves.

THOMAS RUSSELL

Thomas Russell

(1762-1788)

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN AT LEMNOS

On this lone isle, whose rugged rocks affright
The cautious pilot, ten revolving years

Great Pæan's son, unwonted erst to tears, Wept o'er his wound: alike each rolling light

Of heaven he watched, and blamed its lingering flight;

By day the sea-mew screaming round his cave

Drove slumber from his eyes; the chiding wave

And savage howlings chased his dreams by night.

Hope still was his: in each low breeze that sighed

Through his rude grot he heard a coming oar,

In each white cloud a coming sail he spied; Nor seldom listened to the fancied roar

Of Œta's torrents, or the hoarser tide

That parts famed Trachis from the Euboic shore.

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS

Belen Maria Williams

(1762-1828)

To Hope

O EVER skilled to wear the form we love!

To bid the shapes of fear and grief depart;

Come, gentle Hope! with one gay smile remove The lasting sadness of an aching heart.

Thy voice, benign enchantress! let me hear;
Say that for me some pleasures yet shall bloom.—

That fancy's radiance, friendship's precious tear.

Shall soften, or shall chase, misfortune's gloom.

But come not glowing in the dazzling ray
Which once with dear illusions charmed my
eye;

Oh, strew no more, sweet flatterer! on my way

The flowers I fondly thought too bright to die:

Visions less fair will soothe my pensive breast,

That asks not happiness, but longs for rest.

Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges

(1762-1837)

ON ECHO AND SILENCE

In eddying course when leaves began to fly,
And Autumn in her lap the store to strew,
As 'mid wild scenes I chanced the Muse to
woo,

Through glens untrod and woods that frowned on high,

Two sleeping nymphs with wonder mute I spy!—

And lo, she's gone !—in robe of dark green hue,

'Twas Echo from her sister Silence flew: For quick the hunter's horn resounded to the sky!

In shade affrighted Silence melts away.

Not so her sister!—hark, for onward still With far-heard step she takes her listening way,

Bounding from rock to rock, and hill to hill!

Ah, mark the merry maid in mockful play
With thousand mimic tones the laughing
forest fill.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES

William Lisle Bowles

(1762-1850)

OSTEND

ON HEARING THE BELLS AT SEA

How sweet the tuneful bells' responsive peal!

As when at opening dawn the fragrant breeze

Touches the trembling sense of pale disease, So piercing to my heart their force I feel.

And hark! with lessening cadence now they fall,

And now along the white and level tide They fling their melancholy music wide; Bidding me many a tender thought recall

Of summer days, and those delightful years
When by my native streams, in life's fair
prime,

The mournful magic of their mingling

First waked my wondering childhood into tears!

But seeming now, when all those days are o'er,

The sounds of joy once heard and heard no more.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES

O TIME! who know'st a lenient hand to lay Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence,

Lulling to sad repose the weary sense,
The faint pang stealest unperceived away;
On thee I rest my only hope at last,

And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear

That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,

I may look back on every sorrow past,

And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile;—
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
Sings in the sunbeam, of the transient
shower

Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while:—

Yet, ah! how much must that poor heart endure,

Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!

W. L. Bowles.

William Wordsworth

(1770-1850)

Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room;
And hermits are contented with their cells;
And students with their pensive citadels:
Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,
Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for bloom,
High as the highest peak of Furness Fells,
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells:
In truth the prison unto which we doom
Ourselves, no prison is: and hence for me,
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound
Within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground:
Pleased if some souls (for such there needs
must be)

Who have felt the weight of too much liberty, Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

CALM is all nature as a resting wheel.

The kine are couched upon the dewy grass;
The horse alone, seen dimly as I pass,
Is cropping audibly his later meal:
Dark is the ground; a slumber seems to steal
O'er vale, and mountain, and the starless
sky.

Now, in this blank of things, a harmony, Home-felt, and home-created, seems to heal That grief for which the senses still supply Fresh food; for only then, when memory Is hushed, am I at rest. My friends! restrain Those busy cares that would allay my pain: Oh! leave me to myself; nor let me feel The officious touch that makes me droop again.

Composed upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1802

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:

Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:

This City now doth, like a garment, wear

The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,

Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples

Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;

Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

It is a beauteous Evening, calm and free,

The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea;
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.

Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me

Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here,

If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,

Thy nature is not therefore less divine;
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
And worship'st at the Temple's inner
shrine.

God being with thee when we know it not.

On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic
Once did She hold the gorgeous East in fee;
And was the safeguard of the West: the
worth

Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.
She was a maiden City, bright and free:
No guile seduced, no force could violate;
And when she took unto herself a Mate,

She must espouse the everlasting Sea.

And what if she had seen those glories fade,

Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;

Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid

When her long life hath reached its final day;

Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade

Of that which once was great is passed away.

To Toussaint L'Ouverture

Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men!
Whether the whistling Rustic tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den;—
O miserable Chieftain! where and when
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not; do

Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee; air, earth,
and skies;

There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

NEAR DOVER. SEPTEMBER 1802
INLAND, within a hollow vale, I stood
And saw, while sea was calm and air was
clear.

The coast of France—the coast of France how near!

Drawn almost into frightful neighbourhood.

I shrunk; for verily the barrier flood
Was like a lake, or river bright and fair
A span of waters; yet what power is there!
What mightiness for evil and for good!
Even so doth God protect us if we be
Virtuous and wise. Winds blow, and waters
roll,

Strength to the brave, and Power, and Deity; Yet in themselves are nothing! One decree Spake laws to *them*, and said that by the soul

Only, the Nations shall be great and free.

WRITTEN IN LONDON. SEPTEMBER 1802 O FRIEND! I know not which way I must look For comfort, being, as I am, opprest, To think that now our life is only drest For show; mean handiwork of craftsman, cook.

Or groom !-We must run glittering like a brook

In the open sunshine, or we are unblest: The wealthiest man among us is the best: No grandeur now in nature or in book Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense, This is idolatry; and these we adore: Plain living and high thinking are no more: The homely beauty of the good old cause Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence, And pure religion breathing household laws.

LONDON, 1802

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour;
England hath need of thee; she is a fen
Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like

Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;

Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free, So didst thou travel on life's common way, In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

GREAT men have been among us; hands that penned

And tongues that uttered wisdom—better none:

The later Sidney, Marvel, Harrington,
Young Vane, and others who called Milton

These moralists could act and comprehend:

They knew how genuine glory was put on;

Taught us how rightfully a nation shone

In splendour: what strength was that would not bend

But in magnanimous meekness. France, 'tis strange,

Hath brought forth no such souls as we had then.

Perpetual emptiness! unceasing change!

No single volume paramount, no code,

No master spirit, no determined road;

But equally a want of books and men!

It is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, unwithstood."

Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,—
That this most famous Stream in bogs and
sands

Should perish; and to evil and to good Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung

Armoury of the invincible Knights of old:

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold

Which Milton held.—In every thing we are sprung

Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

WHEN I have borne in memory what has tamed

Great nations, how ennobling thoughts depart

When men change swords for ledgers, and desert

The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed

I had, my country !- am I to be blamed? But when I think of thee, and what thou art, Verily, in the bottom of my heart,

Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed,

But dearly must we prize thee; we who find In thee a bulwark for the cause of men; And I by my affection was beguiled. What wonder if a poet now and then, Among the many movements of his mind,

Felt for thee as a lover or a child?

Wings have we,—and as far as we can go
We may find pleasure: wilderness and
wood,

Blank ocean and mere sky, support that mood

Which with the lofty sanctifies the low.

Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,

Are a substantial world, both pure and good:

Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,

Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

There find I personal themes, a plenteous store;

Matter wherein right voluble I am,

To which I listen with a ready ear;

Two shall be named, pre-eminently dear,—

The gentle Lady married to the Moor;

And heavenly Una with her milk-white

Lamb.

ADMONITION.

Well mayst thou halt, and gaze with brightening eye!

The lovely cottage in the guardian nook
Hath stirred thee deeply; with its own dear
brook.

Its own small pasture, almost its own sky!
But covet not the abode;—forbear to sigh,
As many do, repining while they look;
Intruders—who would tear from nature's
book

This precious leaf, with harsh impiety.

Think what the home must be if it were thine,

Even thine, though few thy wants!—Roof,
window, door,

The very flowers are sacred to the poor,
The roses to the porch which they entwine:
Yea, all, that now enchants thee, from the
day

On which it should be touched, would melt away.

THE world is too much with us; late and soon.

Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:

Little we see in Nature that is ours:

We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;

The winds that will be howling at all hours,

And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;

For this, for every thing, we are out of tune; It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be

A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;

So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,

Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn:

Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea; Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

WITH ships the sea was sprinkled far and nigh, Like stars in heaven, and joyously it showed;

Some lying fast at anchor in the road, Some veering up and down, one knew not why.

A goodly vessel did I then espy

Come like a giant from a haven broad;

And lustily along the bay she strode,

Her tackling rich, and of apparel high.

This ship was nought to me, nor I to her,

Yet I pursued her with a lover's look;

This ship to all the rest did I prefer:

When will she turn and whither? She will

When will she turn, and whither? She will brook

No tarrying; where she comes the winds must stir:

On went She,—and due north her journey took.

WHERE lies the land to which you ship must go?

Fresh as a lark mounting at break of day Festively she puts forth in trim array;

Is she for tropic suns, or polar snow?

What boots the inquiry?—Neither friend nor foe

She cares for; let her travel where she may, She finds familiar names, a beaten way

Ever before her, and a wind to blow.

Yet still I ask, what haven is her mark?

And, almost as it was when ships were rare, (From time to time, like pilgrims, here and there

Crossing the waters) doubt, and something dark,

Of the old sea some reverential fear, Is with me at thy farewell, joyous bark!

TO SLEEP

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by,
One after one; the sound of rain, and bees
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds, and
seas,

Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky;—

I have thought of all by turns, and yet do lie Sleepless; and soon the small birds' melodies

Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees:

And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.

Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay,

And could not win thee, Sleep! by any stealth:

So do not let me wear to-night away:

Without Thee what is all the morning's wealth?

Come, blessèd barrier between day and day,

Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous
health!

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND

Two Voices are there; one is of the Sea,

One of the Mountains; each a mighty

Voice:

In both from age to age thou didst rejoice, They were thy chosen music, Liberty! There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee

Thou foughtst against him; but hast vainly striven:

Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,

Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee. Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft: Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is

left:

For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be

That Mountain floods should thunder as before, And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore, And neither awful Voice be heard by thee!

To B. R. HAYDON

HIGH is our calling, Friend!—Creative Art
(Whether the instrument of words she use,
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues,)
Demands the service of a mind and heart,
Though sensitive, yet, in their weakest part,
Heroically fashioned—to infuse
Faith in the whispers of the lonely Muse,
While the whole world seems adverse to desert.
And, oh! when Nature sinks, as oft she may,
Through long-lived pressure of obscure distress,

Still to be strenuous for the bright reward, And in the soul admit of no decay, Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness— Great is the glory, for the strife is hard!

SURPRISED by joy—impatient as the Wind

I turned to share the transport—Oh! with
whom

But Thee, deep buried in the silent tomb,
That spot which no vicissitude can find?
Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my mind—
But how could I forget thee?—Through
what power,

Even for the least division of an hour,
Have I been so beguiled as to be blind
To my most grievous loss!—That thought's
return

Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,
Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,
Knowing my heart's best treasure was no
more:

That neither present time, nor years unborn, Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

THERE is a little unpretending Rill
Of limpid water, humbler far than aught
That ever among Men or Naiads sought
Notice or name!—It quivers down the hill
Furrowing its shallow way with dubious will;
Yet to my mind this scanty Stream is
brought

Oftener than Ganges or the Nile; a thought Of private recollection sweet and still! Months perish with their moons; year treads on year;

But, faithful Emma, thou with me canst say That, while ten thousand pleasures disappear, And flies their memory fast almost as they, The immortal Spirit of one happy day Lingers beside that Rill, in vision clear.

AFTER-THOUGHT (RIVER DUDDON)

I THOUGHT of Thee, my partner and my guide,
As being past away.—Vain sympathies!
For, backward, Duddon! as I cast my eyes,
I see what was, and is, and will abide;
Still glides the Stream, and shall for ever glide;
The Form remains, the Function never dies;
While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise.

We Men, who in our morn of youth defied The elements, must vanish;—be it so!

Enough, if something from our hands have power

To live, and act, and serve the future hour: And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,

Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent dower,

We feel that we are greater than we know.

WALTON'S BOOK OF LIVES

THERE are no colours in the fairest sky

So fair as these. The feather whence the
pen

Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men

Dropped from an angel's wing. With moistened eye

We read of faith and purest charity
In statesman, priest, and humble citizen.
Oh, could we copy their mild virtues, then
What joy to live, what blessedness to die!
Methinks their very names shine still and

Methinks their very names shine still and bright; Apart, like glow-worms on a summer night;

Apart, like glow-worms on a summer night Or lonely tapers when from far they fling A guiding ray; or seen, like stars on high, Satellites burning in a lucid ring Around meek Walton's heavenly memory.

INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE

Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense,

With ill-matched aims the Architect who planned—

Albeit labouring for a scanty hand

Of white-robed Scholars only-this immense

And glorious work of fine intelligence!

Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore

Of nicely-calculated less or more;

So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense

These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,

Where light and shade repose, where music dwells

Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die:

Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof

That they were born for immortality.

MUTABILITY

From low to high doth dissolution climb,
And sink from high to low, along a scale
Of awful notes, whose concord shall not fail;
A musical but melancholy chime,

Which they can hear who meddle not with crime,

Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.

Truth fails not; but her outward forms that

bear
The longest date do melt like frosty rime,

That in the morning whitened hill and plain
And is no more; drop like the tower sub-

Of yesterday, which royally did wear
Its crown of weeds, but could not even sustain
Some casual shout that broke the silent
air,

Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

THE TROSSACHS

THERE'S not a nook within this solemn Pass,

But were an apt confessional for One

Taught by his summer spent, his autumn

gone,

That Life is but a tale of morning grass,
Withered at eve. From scenes of art which
chase

That thought away, turn, and with watchful eyes

Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,

Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear than glass

Untouched, unbreathed upon. Thrice happy quest,

If from a golden perch of aspen spray (October's workmanship to rival May)

The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast

That moral sweeten by a heaven-taught lay,
Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest.

To the Planet Venus, an Evening Star composed at loch lomond

THOUGH joy attend thee orient at the birth
Of dawn, it cheers the lofty spirit most
To watch thy course when Day-light, fled from
earth,

In the grey sky hath left his lingering ghost, Perplexed as if between a splendour lost And splendour slowly mustering. Since the Sun.

The absolute, the world-absorbing One,
Relinquished half his empire to the host
Emboldened by thy guidance, holy Star,
Holy as princely—who that looks on thee
Touching, as now, in thy humility
The mountain borders of this seat of care,
Can question that thy countenance is bright,
Celestial Power, as much with love as light?

IN SIGHT OF THE TOWN OF COCKERMOUTH,
WHERE THE AUTHOR WAS BORN, AND HIS FATHER'S
REMAINS ARE LAID

A POINT of life between my Parents' dust,
And yours, my buried Little-ones! am I;
And to those graves looking habitually
In kindred quiet I repose my trust.
Death to the innocent is more than just,
And, to the sinner, mercifully bent;
So may I hope, if truly I repent
And meekly bear the ills which bear I must:
And You, my Offspring! that do still remain,
Yet may outstrip me in the appointed race,
If e'er, through fault of mine, in mutual pain
We breathed together for a moment's space,
The wrong, by love provoked, let love arraign,
And only love keep in your hearts a place.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

LANDING AT THE MOUTH OF THE DERWENT,

WORKINGTON

DEAR to the Loves, and to the Graces vowed,

The Queen drew back the wimple that she
wore:

And to the throng how touchingly she bowed

That hailed her landing on the Cumbrian
shore;

Bright as a Star (that, from a sombre cloud
Of pine-tree foliage poised in air, forth darts,
When a soft summer gale at evening parts
The gloom that did its loveliness enshroud)
She smiled; but Time, the old Saturnian Seer,
Sighed on the wing as her foot pressed the
strand.

With step prelusive to a long array
Of woes and degradations hand in hand,
Weeping captivity, and shuddering fear
Stilled by the ensanguined block of
Fotheringay!

Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes

To pace the ground if path there be or none,
While a fair region round the traveller lies,
Which he forbears again to look upon;
Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,
The work of Fancy or some happy tone
Of meditation, stepping in between
The beauty coming and the beauty gone.
If Thought and Love desert us, from that day
Let us break off all commerce with the

With Thought and Love companions of our way,

Whate'er the senses take or may refuse, The Mind's internal heaven shall shed her dews

Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

Muse:

Why art thou silent? Is thy love a plant
Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air
Of absence withers what was once so fair?
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?
Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant—
Bound to thy service with unceasing care,
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant

For naught but what thy happiness could spare.

Speak, though this soft warm heart, once free to hold

A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,

Be left more desolate, more dreary cold

Than a forsaken bird's-nest filled with
snow

'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine; Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!

Composed on a May Morning, 1838

LIFE with yon Lambs, like day, is just begun, Yet nature seems to them a heavenly guide. Does joy approach? they meet the coming tide;

And sullenness avoid, as now they shun Pale twilight's lingering glooms,—and in the sun

Couch near their dams, with quiet satisfied; Or gambol—each with his shadow at his side.

Varying its shape wherever he may run.

As they from turf yet hoar with sleepy dew
All turn, and court the shining and the
green,

Where herbs look up, and opening flowers are seen;

Why to God's goodness cannot We be true,
And so, His gifts and promises between,
Feed to the last on pleasures ever new?

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

THOUGH the bold wings of Poesy affect

The clouds, and wheel around the mountain tops

Rejoicing, from her loftiest height she drops Well pleased to skim the plain with wild flowers deckt.

Or muse in solemn grove whose shades protect
The lingering dew—there steals along, or
stops,

Watching the least small bird that round her hops,

Or creeping worm, with sensitive respect.

Her functions are they therefore less divine,

Her thoughts less deep, or void of grave intent

Her simplest fancies? Should that fear be thine,

Aspiring Votary, ere thy hand present
One offering, kneel before her modest shrine,
With brow in penitential sorrow bent!

William Wordsworth.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

(1772-1834)

To NATURE

IT may indeed be phantasy when I
Essay to draw from all created things
Deep, heartfelt, inward joy that closely
clings:

And trace in leaves and flowers that round me

Lessons of love and earnest piety.

So let it be; and if the wide world rings
In mock of this belief, to me it brings
Nor fear, nor grief, nor vain perplexity.
So will I build my altar in the fields,

And the blue sky my fretted dome shall be, And the sweet fragrance that the wild flower yields,

Shall be the incense I will yield to Thee, Thee only God! and Thou shalt not despise

Even me, the priest of this poor sacrifice.

FANCY IN NUBIBUS OR THE POET IN THE CLOUDS

O IT is pleasant, with a heart at ease,

Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,

To make the shifting clouds be what you

please,

Or let the easily-persuaded eyes Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould

Of a friend's fancy; or, with head bent low

And cheek aslant, see rivers flow of gold
'Twixt crimson banks; and then, a traveller,
go

From mount to mount through Cloudland, gorgeous land!

Or listening to the tide, with closed sight, Be that blind bard who, on the Chian strand By those deep sounds possessed with inward light,

Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssee Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea. Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

MARY TIGHE

Mary Tigbe

TO TIME

YES, gentle Time, thy gradual, healing hand Hath stolen from Sorrow's grasp the envenomed dart:

Submitting to thy skill, my passive heart Feels that no grief can thy soft power withstand:

And though my aching breast still heaves the sigh,

Though oft the tear swells silent in mine eye;

Yet the keen pang, the agony is gone;
Sorrow and I shall part; and these faint
threes

Are but the remnant of severer woes:

As when the furious tempest is o'erblown,

And when the sky has wept its violence,

The opening heavens will oft let fall a shower, The poor o'erchargèd boughs still drops dispense,

And still the loaded streams in torrents pour.

CHARLES LAMB

Charles Lamb

(1775-1834)

O LIFT with reverent hand that tarnished flower.

That shrines beneath her modest canopy, Memorials dear to Romish piety,—

Dim specks, rude shapes, of Saints! in fervent hour

The work perchance of some weak devotee Who, poor in worldly treasures to set forth The sanctities she worshipped to their worth,

In this imperfect tracery might see Hints, that all Heaven did to her sense reveal.

Cheap gifts best fit poor givers. We are

Of the lone mite, the cup of water cold, That in their way approved the offerer's zeal.

True Love shows costliest where the means are scant;

And, in her reckoning, they abound who want.

JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE

Foseph Blanco White

(1775 - 1841)

NIGHT AND DEATH

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent knew

Thee from report divine, and heard thy name.

Did he not tremble for this lovely frame, This glorious canopy of light and blue.

Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,

Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,

Hesperus with the host of heaven came, And lo! creation widened in man's view.

Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed

Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,

Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,

That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!

Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?

If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

WILLIAM STANLEY ROSCOE

William Stanley Roscoe

(1782 - 1843)

TO THE HARVEST MOON

AGAIN thou reignest in thy golden hall,
Rejoicing in thy sway, fair queen of night!
The ruddy reapers hail thee with delight:
Theirs is the harvest, theirs the joyous call
For tasks well ended ere the season's fall.

Sweet orb, thou smilest from thy starry height;

But whilst on them thy beams are shedding bright

To me thou com'st o'ershadowed with a pall;
To me alone the year hath fruitless flown;
Earth hath fulfilled her trust through all her

lands,
The good man gathereth where he had sown,
And the Great Master in his vineyard stands:

But I, as if my task were all unknown,

Come to his gates, alas I with empty hands.

LEIGH HUNT

Leigh Hunt

(1784 - 1859)

TO THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET
GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning
brass;

And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too
soon.

Loving the fire, and with your tricksome

Nick the glad silent moments as they pass; Oh sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,

One to the fields, the other to the hearth, Both have your sunshine; both though small are strong

At your clear hearts; and both were sent on earth

To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song:

In doors and out, summer and winter,

Mirth.

LEIGH HUNT

THE NILE

IT flows through all hushed Ægypt and its sands,

Like some grave neighty thought threading a dream,

And times and things, as in that vision, seem

Keeping along it their eternal stands,

Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd bands

That roamed through the young world, the glory extreme

Of high Sesostris, and that southern beam,

The laughing queen that caught the world's great hands.

Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong,

As of a world left empty of its throng,

And the void weighs on us; and then we wake,

And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along 'Twixt villages, and think how we shall take Our own calm journey on for human sake.

Leigh Hunt.

George Gordon, Lord Byron

(1788-1859)

ON CHILLON

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless Mind!

Brightest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art—
For there thy habitation is the heart—

The heart which love of thee alone can bind;

And when thy sons to fetters are consigned,

To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless
gloom,

Their country conquers with their martyr-dom,

And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.

Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,

By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface! For they appeal from tyranny to God.

SIR AUBREY DE VERE

Sir Aubrey de Vere

(1788-1846)

THE CHILDREN BAND THE CRUSADERS. NO. V.

ALL holy influences dwell within

The breast of Childhood: instincts fresh
from God

Inspire it, ere the heart beneath the rod
Of grief hath bled, or caught the plague of sin.
How mighty was that fervour which could
win

Its way to infant souls!—and was the sod
Of Palestine by infant Croises trod?
Like Joseph went they forth, or Benjamin,
In all their touching beauty, to redeem?
And did their soft lips kiss the sepulchre?
Alas! the lovely pageant, as a dream,
Faded! they sank not through ignoble fear;
They felt not Moslem steel. By mountain,
stream,

In sands, in fens, they died—no mother near!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

Bryan Waller Procter

(1790–1874)

A STILL PLACE

UNDER what beechen shade or silent oak
Lies the mute sylvan now mysterious Pan?
Once (when rich Péneus and Ilissus ran
Clear from their fountains) as the morning

broke.

'Tis said the Satyr with Apollo spoke,
And to harmonious strife with his wild reed,
Challenged the God, whose music was indeed

Divine, and fit for heaven. Each played, and woke

Beautiful sounds to life—deep melodies;

One blew his pastoral pipe with such nice care,

That flocks and birds all answered him; and one

Shook his immortal showers upon the air.

That music has ascended to the sun;

But where the other? Speak, ye dells and trees.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

THE SEA-IN CALM

LOOK what immortal floods the sunset pours

Upon us!—Mark how still (as though in
dreams

Bound) the once wild and terrible Ocean seems!

How silent are the winds! No billow roars, But all is tranquil as Elysian shores;

The silver margin which aye runneth round The moon-enchanted sea hath here no sound: Even Echo speaks not on these radiant moors.

What! is the giant of the ocean dead,

Whose strength was all unmatched beneath the sun?

No: he reposes. Now his toils are done, More quiet than the babbling brooks is he.

So mightiest powers by deepest calms are fed, And sleep, how oft, in things that gentlest be.

Bryan Waller Procter.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Percy Byssbe Sbelley

(1790–1882) Ozymandias

I MET a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of

Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand, Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown

And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless
things,

The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed;

And on the pedestal these words appear:

"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:

Look on my works, ye Mighty, and
despair!"

Nothing beside remains. Round the decay Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare The lone and level sands stretch far away.

JOHN KEBLE

John Keble

(1792-1866)

AT HOOKER'S TOMB

The grey-eyed Morn was saddened with a shower.

A silent shower, that trickled down so still Scarce dropped beneath its weight the tenderest flower,

Scarce could you trace it on the twinkling rill, Or moss-stone bathed in dew. It was an hour

Most meet for prayer beside thy lowly grave,

Most for thanksgiving meet, that Heaven such power

To thy serene and humble spirit gave.

"Who sow good seed with tears shall reap in joy."

So thought I as I watched the gracious rain.

And deemed it like that silent sad employ

Whence sprung thy glory's harvest, to remain

For ever. God hath sworn to lift on high

Who sinks himself by true humility.

Felicia Dorotbea Bemans

(1794 - 1835)

FLIGHT OF THE SPIRIT

WHITHER, oh! whither wilt thou wing thy way?

What solemn region first upon thy sight Shall break, unveiled for terror or delight? What hosts, magnificent in dread array,

My spirit! when thy prison-house of clay

After long strife is rent? Fond, fruitless quest!

The unfledged bird, within his narrow nest, Sees but a few green branches o'er him play, And through their parting leaves, by fits revealed,

A glimpse of summer sky; nor knows the field

Wherein his dormant powers must yet be tried.

Thou art that bird !—of what beyond thee lies

Far in the untracked, immeasurable skies Knowing but this—that thou shalt find thy Guide!

John Keats

(1793-1821)

On first looking into Chapman's Homer.

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold

And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;

Round many western islands have I been

Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.

Oft of one wide expanse had I been told

That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;

Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and
bold:

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET

THE poetry of earth is never dead :

When all the birds are faint with the hot sun.

And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;

That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead In summer luxury—he has never done With his delights; for when tired out with fun.

He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed. The poetry of earth is ceasing never:

On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove
there shrills

The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,

The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

To one who has been long in city pent,

'Tis very sweet to look into the fair

And open face of heaven—to breathe a

prayer

Full in the smile of the blue firmament.

Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,

Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
And gentle tale of love and languishment?
Returning home at evening, with an ear
Catching the notes of Philomel—an eye
Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,
He mourns that day so soon has glided by;
E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
That falls through the clear ether silently.

AFTER dark vapours have oppressed our plains
For a long dreary season, comes a day
Born of the gentle South, and clears away
From the sick heavens all unseemly stains.
The anxious month, relieved from its pains,
Takes as a long-lost right the feel of May,
The eyelids with the passing coolness play,
Like rose-leaves with the drip of summer rains.
The calmest thoughts come round us—as, of
leaves

Budding—fruit ripening in stillness—autumn suns

Smiling at eve upon the quiet sheaves,—
Sweet Sappho's cheek,—a sleeping infant's
breath,—

The gradual sand that through an hour-glass runs,—

A woodland rivulet, -a Poet's death.

ON A PICTURE OF LEANDER

COME hither, all sweet maidens soberly,

Down-looking aye, and with a chasten'd

light,

Hid in the fringes of your eyelids white, And meekly let your fair hands joined be, As if so gentle that ye could not see,

Untouch'd, a victim of your beauty bright, Sinking away to his young spirit's night, Sinking bewilder'd 'mid the dreary sea: 'Tis young Leander toiling to his death; Nigh swooning, he doth purse his weary

Nigh swooning, he doth purse his lips

For Hero's cheek, and smiles against her smile.

O horrid dream! see how his body dips

Dead-heavy; arms and shoulders gleam awhile;

He's gone; up bubbles all his amorous breath!

WHEN I have fears that I may cease to be Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain,

Before high-pilèd books, in charact'ry, Hold like full garners the full-ripened grain; When I behold, upon the night's starred face,

Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,

And feel that I may never live to trace

Their shadows, with the magic hand of
chance;

And when I feel, fair creature of an hour!

That I shall never look upon thee more,

Never have relish in the faery power

Of unreflecting love! then on the shore Of the wide world I stand alone, and think, Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.

If by dull rhymes our English must be chained,
And, like Andromeda, the Sonnet sweet
Fettered, in spite of pained loveliness;
Let us find out if we must be constrained,
Sandals more interwoven and complete
To fit the naked foot of poesy;
Let us inspect the lyre, and weigh the stress
Of every chord, and see what may be gained
By ear industrious, and attention meet;
Misers of sound and syllable, no less
Than Midas of his coinage, let us be
Jealous of dead leaves in that bay wreath
crown;

So, if we may not let the Muse be free, She will be bound with garlands of her own.

TO SLEEP

O SOFT embalmer of the still midnight!
Shutting with careful fingers and benign,

Our gloom-pleased eyes, embowered from the light,

Enshaded in forgetfulness divine;

O soothest Sleep! if so it please thee, close, In midst of this thine hymn, my willing eyes,

Or wait the amen, ere thy poppy throws
Around my bed its lulling charities;
Then save me, or the passèd day will shine

Upon my pillow, breeding many woes;
Save me from curious conscience, that still lords

Its strength, for darkness burrowing like a mole;

Turn the key deftly in the oiled wards, And seal the hushèd casket of my soul.

KEATS' LAST SONNET

BRIGHT STAR! would I were steadfast as thou art—

Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
And watching with eternal lids apart,
Like Nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priest-like task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

John Keats.

Bartley Coleridge

(1796-1849)

To NIGHT

THE crackling embers on the hearth are dead;
The indoor note of industry is still;
The latch is fast; upon the window-sill
The small birds wait not for their daily bread;
The voiceless flowers—how quietly they shed
Their nightly odours; and the household

Murmurs continuous dulcet sounds that fill
The vacant expectation, and the dread
Of listening night. And haply now She
sleeps;

For all the garrulous noises of the air

Are hushed in peace; the soft dew silent
weeps,

Like hopeless lovers for a maid so fair:—
Oh! that I were the happy dream that creeps
To her soft heart, to find my image there.

TO SHAKEPEARE

The soul of man is larger than the sky,

Deeper than ocean, or the abysmal dark

Of the unfathomed centre. Like that Ark,

Which in its sacred hold uplifted high,

O'er the drowned hills, the human family,

And stock reserved of every living kind;

So, in the compass of the single mind,

The seeds and pregnant forms in essence lie

That make all worlds. Great poet, 'twas thy

art

To know thyself, and in thyself to be
Whate'er love, hate, ambition, destiny,
Or the firm, fatal purpose of the heart,
Can make of Man. Yet thou wert still
the same.

Serene of thought, unhurt by thy own flame.

NOT IN VAIN

LET me not deem that I was made in vain,
Or that my being was an accident
Which Fate, in working its sublime intent,
Not wished to be, to hinder would not deign.
Each drop uncounted in a storm of rain
Hath its own mission, and is duly sent
To its own leaf or blade, not idly spent
'Mid myriad dimples on the shipless main.
The very shadow of an insect's wing,
For which the violet cared not while it
stayed

Yet felt the lighter for its vanishing,
Proved that the sun was shining by its shade
Then can a drop of the eternal spring,
Shadow of living lights, in vain be made?

PRAYER I

THERE is an awful quiet in the air,

And the sad earth, with moist imploring
eye,

Looks wide and wakeful at the pondering sky,

Like Patience slow-subsiding to Despair. But see, the blue smoke as a voiceless prayer,

Sole witness of a secret sacrifice,

Unfolds its tardy wreaths, and multiplies

Its soft chameleon breathings in the rare Capacious ether,—so it fades away,

And nought is seen beneath the pendent blue.

The undistinguishable waste of day.

So have I dreamed !—oh, may the dream be true !—

That praying souls are purged from mortal hue,

And grow as pure as He to whom they pray.

PRAVER II

BE not afraid to pray-to pray is right. Pray, if thou canst, with hope; but ever pray,

Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay:

Pray in the darkness, if there be no light. Far is the time, remote from human sight, When war and discord on the earth shall cease:

Yet every prayer for universal peace Avails the blessed time to expedite. Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven, Though it be what thou canst not hope to see:

Pray to be perfect, though material leaven Forbid the spirit so on earth to be: But if for any wish thou darest not pray, Then pray to God to cast that wish away. Hartley Coleridge.

Thomas Thood

(1798-1845)

SILENCE

THERE is a silence where hath been no sound;
There is a silence where no sound may be
In the cold grave—under the deep, deep sea,
Or in wide desert where no life is found,
Which hath been mute, and still must sleep
profound;

No voice is hushed—no life treads silently,
But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free
That never spoke, over the idle ground.
But in green ruins, in the desolate walls
Of antique palaces, where Man hath been,
Though the dun fox, or wild hyæna, calls,
And owls, that flit continually between,
Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,
There the true Silence is, self-conscious and
alone.

THOMAS HOOD

DEATH

It is not death, that sometime in a sigh
This eloquent breath shall take its speechless
flight;

That sometime these bright stars, that now reply

In sunlight to the sun, shall set in night,
That this warm conscious flesh shall perish
quite,

And all life's ruddy springs forget to flow; That thoughts shall cease, and the immortal sprite

Be lapped in alien clay and laid below; It is not death to know this,—but to know That pious thoughts, which visit at new graves

In tender pilgrimage, will cease to go
So duly and so oft,—and when grass waves
Over the past-away, there may be then
No resurrection in the minds of men.

Thomas Hood.

Chauncey Hare Townsbend

(1800-1868)

GIVE me thy joy in sorrow, gracious Lord, And sorrow's self shall like to joy appear! Although the world should waver in its sphere

I tremble not if Thou thy peace afford; But, Thou withdrawn, I am but as a chord

That vibrates to the pulse of hope and fear:

Nor rest I more than harps which to the air

Must answer when we place their tuneful board

Against the blast, which thrill unmeaning

Even in their sweetness. So no earthly wing

E'er sweeps me but to sadden. Oh, place

My heart beyond the world's sad vibrating— And where but in Thyself? Oh, circle me,

That I may feel no touches save of Thee.

Samuel Laman Blanchard

(1804-1845)

HIDDEN JOYS

PLEASURES lie thickest where no pleasures

There's not a leaf that falls upon the ground But holds some joy, of silence or of sound,

Some sprite begotten of a summer dream.

The very meanest things are made supreme
With innate ecstasy. No grain of sand
But moves a bright and million-peopled
land,

And hath its Edens and its Eves, I deem.

For Love, though blind himself, a curious eye

Hath lent me, to behold the hearts of things,

And touched mine ear with power. Thus, far or nigh,

Minute or mighty, fixed or free with wings, Delight from many a nameless covert sly

Peeps sparkling, and in tones familiar sings.

SAMUEL LAMAN BLANCHARD

WISHES OF YOUTH

GAILY and greenly let my seasons run:

And should the war-winds of the world uproot

The sanctities of life, and its sweet fruit
Cast forth as fuel for the fiery sun;
The dews be turned to ice—fair days begun
In peace wear out in pain, and sounds that
suit

Despair and discord keep Hope's harpstring mute;

Still let me live as Love and Life were one:
Still let me turn on earth a child-like gaze,
And trust the whispered charities that bring
Tidings of human truth; with inward praise
Watch the weak motion of each common
thing

And find it glorious—still let me raise
On wintry wrecks an altar to the Spring.

Samuel Laman Blanchard,

Sir William Rowan Hamilton

(1805-1865)

Spirit of Wisdom and of Love
O BROODING Spirit of Wisdom and of Love,
Whose mighty wings even now o'ershadow
me:

Absorb me in thine own immensity,
And raise me far my finite self above!
Purge vanity away and the weak care
That name or fame of me should widely
spread;

And the deep wish keep burning in their stead

Thy blissful influence afar to bear,
Or see it borne! Let no desire of ease,
No lack of courage, faith, or love, delay
My own steps in that high thought-paven
way.

In which my soul her clear commission sees: Yet with an equal joy let me behold Thy chariot o'er that way by others roll'd.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

(1809-1861)

CONSOLATION

ALL are not taken; there are left behind
Living Beloveds, tender looks to bring
And make the daylight still a happy thing,
And tender voices, to make soft the wind:
But if it were not so—if I could find
No love in all the world for comforting

No love in all the world for comforting, Nor any path but hollowly did ring,

Where "dust to dust" the love from life disjoined,

And if, before those sepulchres unmoving
I stood alone, (as some forsaken lamb
Goes bleating up the moors in weary
dearth)

Crying "Where are ye, O my loved and loving?"—

I know a Voice would sound, "Daughter, I Am.

Can I suffice for HEAVEN and not for earth?"

GRIEF

I TELL you, hopeless grief is passionless;
That only men incredulous of despair,
Half-taught in anguish, through the midnight air

Beat upward to God's throne in loud access
Of shricking and reproach. Full desertness
In souls as countries, lieth silent-bare
Under the blanching, vertical eye-glare
Of the absolute Heavens. Deep-hearted man,

express

Grief for thy Dead in silence like to death— Most like a monumental statue set In everlasting watch and moveless woe, Till itself crumble to the dust beneath.

Touch it; the marble eyelids are not wet: If it could weep, it would arise and go.

CHEERFULNESS TAUGHT BY REASON
I THINK we are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of God's. Had we no
hope

Indeed beyond the zenith and the slope
Of yon grey blank of sky, we might grow
faint

To muse upon eternity's constraint

Round our aspirant souls; but since the scope

Must widen early, is it well to droop,

For a few days consumed in loss and taint?

O pusillanimous heart, be comforted

And, like a cheerful traveller, take the road,

Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread

Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod

To meet the flints? At least it may be said,

Because the way is short, I thank thee,

God.

SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE

BUT only three in all God's universe

Have heard this word thou hast said; Himself, beside

Thee speaking and me listening! and replied

One of us that was God! . . . and laid

So darkly on my eyelids as to amerce

My sight from seeing thee—that if I had died.

The deathweights, placed there, would have signified

Less absolute exclusion. "Nay" is worse

From God than from all others, O my friend!

Men could not part us with their worldly jars,

Nor the seas change us, nor the tempests bend;

Our hands would touch, for all the mountainbars:—

And, heaven being rolled between us at the

We should but vow the faster for the stars.

Unlike are we, unlike, O princely Heart!
Unlike our uses, and our destinies.
Our ministering two angels look surprise
On one another, as they strike athwart
Their wings in passing. Thou, bethink thee,
art

A guest for queens to social pageantries
With gages from a hundred brighter eyes
Than tears, even, can make mine, to ply thy
part

Of chief musician. What hast thou to do
With looking from the lattice-lights at me,
A poor, tired, wandering singer? . . . singing
through

The dark, and leaning up a cypress tree?

The chrism is on thine head,—on mine, the dew —

And Death must dig the level where these agree.

I LIFT my heavy heart up solemnly,
As once Electra her sepulchral urn,
And, looking in thine eyes, I overturn
The ashes at thy feet. Behold and see
What a great heap of grief lay hid in me,
And how the red wild sparkles dimly burn
Through the ashen greyness. If thy foot in

Could tread them out to darkness utterly,
It might be well, perhaps. But if, instead,
Thou wait beside me for the wind to blow

scorn

The grey dust up, . . . those laurels on thine head,

O my beloved, will not shield thee so, That none of all the fires shall scorch and shred

The hair beneath. Stand farther off, then!

Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand
Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore
Alone upon the threshold of my door
Of individual life, shall I command
The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand
Serenely in the sunshine as before,
Without the sense of that which I forebore . . .

Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine

With pulses that beat double. What I do
And what I dream include thee, as the wine
Must taste of its own grapes. And when I
sue

God for myself, He hears that name of thine,

And sees within my eyes, the tears of two.

What can I give thee back, O liberal

And princely giver, . . . who hast brought
the gold

And purple of thine heart, unstained untold,

And laid them on the outside of the wall,
For such as I to take, or leave withal,
In unexpected largesse? Am I cold,
Ungrateful, that for these most manifold
High gifts, I render nothing back at all?
Not so. Not cold!—but very poor instead!
Ask God who knows! for frequent tears
have run

The colours from my life, and left so dead And pale a stuff, it were not fitly done To give the same as pillow to thy head. Go farther! Let it serve to trample on.

- If thou must love me, let it be for nought

 Except for love's sake only. Do not say,

 "I love her for her smile . . . her look . . .

 her way
- Of speaking gently, . . . for a trick of thought
- That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
 - A sense of pleasant ease on such a day"—
 For these things in themselves, Beloved,
 may
- Be changed, or change for thee,—and love so wrought,
- May be unwrought so. Neither love me for Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry,
- Since one might well forget to weep who bore Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby,
- But love me for love's sake, that evermore Thou mayst love on through love's eternity.

WHEN our two souls stand up erect and strong,

Face to face, silent, drawing nigh and nigher,

Until the lengthening wings break into fire At either curved point,—what bitter wrong Can the earth do us, that we should not long Be here contented? Think. In mounting higher

The angels would press on us, and aspire
To drop some golden orb of perfect song
Into our deep, dear silence. Let us stay
Rather on earth, Beloved,—where the unfit
Contrarious moods of men recoil away
And isolate pure spirits, and permit
A place to stand and love in for a day,
With darkness and the death-hour rounding
it,

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.

I love thee to the depth and breadth and height

My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight

For the ends of Being and Ideal Grace.

I love thee to the level of every day's

Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.

I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;

I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise;

I love thee with the passion put to use

In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith;

I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints—I love thee, with the
breath,

Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,

I shall but love thee better after death.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

SCORN not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,

Mindless of its just honours: with this key Shakspeare unlocked his heart; the melody Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's

wound;

A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound; With it Camöens soothed an exile's grief; The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned

Amia the cypress with which Dante crowned His visionary brow; a glow-worm lamp

It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faeryland

To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp

Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand The Thing became a trumpet, whence he blew

Soul-animating strains—alas, too few! Wordsworth.

P. 4.—"Prometheus, when first from heaven high."
—In line 3 the printed copies (including that in England's Helicon, 1600) give "fond of delight."
"Fond of the light" is Dr. Hannah's correction, from the Harleian MS. For the fancy of this sonnet, cf. Herrick, Hesperides, 565:

"I played with Love, as with the fire
The wanton Satyr did;
Nor did I know, or could descry
What under these was hid.
That Satyr he but burnt his lips;
But mine's the greater smart,
For kissing Love's dissembling chips
The fire scorched my heart."

P. 6.—"Happy ye leaves whenas those lily hands."
—The lady of the sonnet—the Elizabeth whom Spenser married in Ireland on St. Barnabas' Day, 1594, and for whom he wrote his magnificent Epithalamion—was almost certainly Elizabeth Boyle, of Kilcoran by the Bay of Youghal, a kinswoman of the great Earl of Cork. Dr. Grosart (Complete Works in Verse and Prose of Edmund Spenser, vol. i.) has discovered a grant, made in 1606 by Sir Richard Boyleto Elizabeth Boyle, alias Seckerstone, widow, of her house at Kilcoran for

halfa-crown a year. Now it is known that Spenser's widow married our Roger Seckerstone in 1603; and it is, to say the least, unlikely that there were two Elizabeth Seckerstones (unusual name!) in the neighbourhood at one time.

"Of Helicon, whence she derived is "-cf. Sonnet 11, line 10: "My Helice, the lodestar of my life," Helice, it is suggested, stands for

Elisé, Elizabeth.

P. 16.—"One day I wrote her name upon the strand."

See note preceding. The strand of Kilcoran—

three miles long-is famous.

P. 19.—"With how sad steps, O moon, thou climb'st the skies!" "The last line of this poem," says Charles Lamb, "is a little obscured by transposition. He means, 'Do they call ungratefulness there a virtue?'"

P. 50.—"Full many a glorious morning have I seen." I suppose that in the last line ("Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth") "stain" == "be stained" == -£.e. with clouds. But the context seems to suggest that "stain" may

stand for "stain," "abstain."

P. 95.—"Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in Arms."
The date "when the assault was intended"
—or at least expected—"to the city" was Nov.
13, 1642. After Edgehill (Oct. 23) the Royal
army advanced up the Thames valley upon
Loudon; took Brentford on Nov. 12; and on the
following day advanced as far as Turnham Green,
and were met by the Parliamentarians, 24,000
strong. The two armies "stood many hours in
battalia facing one another." It seems to have
been a case of "one was afraid and t'other didn't
dare." In the end the Royal army, which was
short of ammunition, withdrew to Colibbrook.

"The great Emathian conqueror"—Alexander the Great, who was said (see Mr. Mark Pattison's note for authorities) to have spared Pindar's house at the sack of Thebes, B.C. 332. Emathian

=Macedonian.

"Sad Electra's poet"-Euripides. Milton's authority here is Plutarch, who tells that when the Lacedæmonians took Athens in 404 B.C. theywere incited by the Thebans to raze the city to the ground. The decision was in suspense when, as the generals sat at wine together, a Phocian sang part of the chorus from the Electra, which so affected all present that they agreed at once it would be an unworthy act to destroy a city that

had given birth to such poetry. P. 97.—" Daughter to that good Earl, once President." The Lady Margaret Ley was daughter of James Ley (1552-1629), made Lord High Treasurer in 1622, Lord President of the Council in 1628, and in that same year advanced to the earldom of Scarborough. His death coincided with the sudden breaking up of the third Parliament of Charles I., and is compared by Milton with the death of the Athenian orator, Isocrates ("that old man eloquent"), after the battle of Chæronea, B.C. 338, when Philip of Macedon destroyed the combined forces of Athens and Thebes. Isocrates (he was in his 90th year, by the way) died four days after receiving the news of Chæronea, just as Ley died four days after the dissolution of Parliament on March 10, 1620.

P. 98.—"Harry, whose tuneful and well-measured song." Henry Lawes, of the Chapel Royal, was Milton's friend from boyhood. He dedicated his book, Choice Psalmes, in 1648, to King Charles, then a captive. "It was this King Charles, then a captive. "It was this Royalist and Cavalier volume to which Milton supplied the recommendatory sonnet. Violent partisan as Milton was he did not allow political feeling to sever the tie of early friendship, or of a common love of musical art."—Pattison. Line 4— "committing short and long." Lat. committere, to

pair, to set together.

P. 100.-" Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud." Not a general testimony to Cromwell's character, but addressed to him on a special emergency. "The moment was one when the question of a maintenance for a godly ministry was the uppermost question. The Presbyterian party, especially in London and Lancashire, wanted a state-supported church and tithes, or a provision in lieu of tithes, while the Independent party regarded with aversion any interference of the secular arm with spiritual things. The extreme view, shared by Milton, went so far as to look upon payment for spiritual ministration as contrary to the gospel."—Patitison.

'The "Committee for the Propagation of the Gospel" was a committee of the Rump Parliament, fourteen in number, having general supervision of church affairs, and, in particular, the duty of providing spiritual food for destitute parishes. To this committee "certain ministers," headed by John Owen, had offered fifteen Prosals, in which they asked that preachers should

receive a public maintenance.

Line 14.—" Whose gospel is their maw"—cf. Lycidas (written in 1637)—

"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,

Enow of such as for their bellies' sake, Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold! Of other care they little reckoning make, Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast, And shove away the worthy bidden guest. Blind mouths!..."

P. 101.—"Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old." Sir Henry Vane, the younger, born in 1612, and therefore forty years old at the date of this sonnet, was son of Sir Henry Vane, of Raby Castle, county Durham. He was governor of Massachusetts in 1636, but soon returned to England, entered Parliament, and was appointed Treasurer of the Navy. He took an active part against Strafford, and was principal mover of the

Covenant in England and the Self-Denying Ordinance. Although not a regicide, he suffered

death on that ground in 1662. Line 4.—"The fierce Epirot" is Pyrrhus, repelled B.C. 279; and "The African bold," Hannibal. Pattison quotes Duruy, Histoire des Romaines, as saying of Hannibal in B.C. 203, "il se sentait vaincu par quelque chose de plus fort que son génie, les mœurs et les institutions

de Rome."

P. 102.—"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones." In Jan. 1655, the Duke of Savoy determined to make the poor Vaudois inhabitants of certain Piedmontese valleys renounce the simple forms of faith and worship they had inherited from days long before Luther, and conform to the Catholic religion. They remonstrated; and in April 1655, a crowd of hired soldiery poured into the valleys and revelled there for many days in rape, pillage, and savage massacre. The news took nearly a month to reach England; but when it came "a cry of horror went through the country A day of humiliation was appointed, large collections were made for the sufferers, and a special envoy was despatched to remonstrate with the Duke of Savoy." government despatches in this business were written by Milton.

Lines 7, 8,-"that rolled Mother with infant down the rocks"-"A mother was hurled down a mighty rock with a little infant in her arms; and three days after was found dead with the child alive, but fast claspt between the arms of the mother, which were cold and stiff, insomuch that those that found them had much ado to get the child out."-Account of the massacre by Sir William Moreland, Cromwell's Agent in

Piedmont: published in 1658.

P. 104. — "Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son"—cf. Horace, Carm., line 16, "O matre pulchra filia pulchrior." The Lawrence addressed

was one of the sons of Henry Lawrence, President

of the Council in 1654.

P. 105.—"Cyriack, whose grandsire on the royal bench." The mother of Cyriack Skinner was Bridget, a daughter of the famous Sir Edward Coke.

P. 106.—"Cyriack, this three years' day these eyes, though clear." The allusion in lines 10-12 is to the Defensio pro populo Anglicano contra Salmasium, which Milton had persisted in writing, though warned by the physician of the probable

consequences to his eyesight.

P. 107.—" Methought I saw my late espoused saint." Milton on Nov. 12, 1556, married Catherine Woodcock, daughter of Captain Woodcock of Hackney. After fifteen months of married happiness, she died in child-bed, February 1658, her baby surviving but a month.

P. 108.—" Cambridge, with whom, my pilot and my guide"—Richard Owen Cambridge (1717—1802), now chiefly memorable as the author of The Scrib-

leriad (1751).

Line 'z.-" Pleased I have traversed thy Sabrina's flood." Cambridge resided at Whitminster in Gloucestershire, close to the Severn, and on the banks of the Stroud which runs into that river. Cf. Chalmers' Memoir: "While he continued to cultivate polite literature, his more active hours were employed in heightening the beauties of the scenery around his seat; for this purpose he made the little river Stroud navigable for some distance, and not only constructed boats for pleasure or carriage, but introduced some ingenious improvements in that branch of naval architecture, which were approved by the most competent judges."—Chalmers' English Poets, vol. 18, p. 227.

Pp. 1223.—"It was the candle of Bowles that lit

Pp. 122-3.—" It was the candle of Bowles that lit the fire of Coleridge," says Mr. Austin Dobson. In a copy of the Sonnets (first published in 1780) preserved at South Kensington, Coleridge writes

of them as "having done his heart more good than all the other books he ever read excepting his Bible." They have now an historical rather than

an intrinsic interest.

P. 129. — "Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men!" François Dominique Toussaint L'Ouverture, son of African slaves, was born in San Domingo, 1743; appointed chief of the army of San Domingo by the Directory in 1796, and ruled the island with justice and vigour. In 1801, when Bonaparte sought to restore slavery in San Domingo, Toussaint resisted, but was compelled to surrender, and was sent to France, where he died in prison (1803).

P. 118 .- "Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense." The royal Saint is Henry VI. favourite (but to my mind much over-rated) sonnet is taken, together with "Walton's Book of Lives" and "Mutability," from the Ecclesiastical Sonnets.

part iii. (1822).

P. 16x.—"O lift with reverent hand that tarnished flower." "In a leaf of a quarto edition of the Lives of the Saints, written in Spanish by the learned and reverend father, Alfonso Villegas, Divine, of the Order of St. Dominick, set forth in English by John Heigham, Anno 1630, bought at a Catholic book-shop in Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, I found, carefully inserted, a painted flower, seemingly coeval with the book itself; and did not, for some time, discover that it opened in the middle, and was the cover to a very humble draught of a St. Anne, with the Virgin and Child; doubtless the performance of some poor but pious Catholic, whose meditations it assisted."-Lamb's Note.

P. 162,—"Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew." According to Coleridge "the finest and most grandly conceived sonnet in our language": and according to Leigh Hunt, "Supreme, perhaps, above all in any language; nor can we ponder it too deeply, or with too hopeful a reverence."

Blanco White's "Night and Death" is now the classical instance of a man's attaining to enduring poetic fame by a single sonnet. It is not that the rest of his writings fell far below, but that practically he exhausted himself with this one great stroke, and wrote no more. The largest information on "Night and Death" (which has quite a literature of its own) will be found in Mr. David M. Main's Treasury of English Sonnets.

P. 164.-"Green little vaulter in the sunny grass." Written in friendly rivalry with Keats, whose sonnet on the same subject will be found on

P. 174. P. 165.—"It flows through old hushed Ægypt and its sands." This, too, was written in friendly competition-with Keats and Shelley. To my mind, Hunt fairly worsted Keats in the Grasshopper and Cricket sonnet; but there can be no doubt at all that with his sonnet on the Nile he bore the palm away from the two greater poets. Here are the rival sonnets:

"Month after month the gathering rains descend, Drenching you secret Ethiopian dells, And from the desert's ice-girt pinnacles Where frost and heat in strange embraces blend On Atlas, fields of moist snow half depend. Girt these with blasts and meteors, Tempest dwells By Nile's aerial urn; with rapid spells Urging those waters to their mighty end. O'er Egypt's land of memory floods are level And they are thine, O Nile-and well thou knowest That soul-sustaining airs and blasts of evil And fruits and poisons spring where'er thou flowest. Beware, O Man-for knowledge must to thee Like the great flood to Egypt ever be."-Shelley.

"Son of the old moon-mountains African! Chief of the Pyramid and Crocodile! We call thee fruitful, and, that very while, A desert fills one seeing 's inward span; Nurse of swart nations since the world began,

Art thou so fruitful? Or dost thou beguile
Such men to honour thee, who, worn with toil,
Rest for a space 'twixt Cairo and Decan?'
O may dark fancies err! they surely do;
'Tis ignorance that makes a barren waste
Of all beyond itself; thou dost bedew
Green rushes like our rivers, and dost taste

Green rushes like our rivers, and dost taste
The pleasant sun-rise; green isles hast thou too,
And to the sea as happily dost haste."—Keats.

P. 173.—"Much have I travelled in the realms of gold." Cowden Clarke records that in his lodgings at Clerkenwell, one night in the summer of 1815, he and Keats sat together till daylight over a borrowed folio copy of Chapman's Homer; and that, when he came down to breakfast, at ten o'clock next morning, he received this now famous sonnet which Keats had found time to compose and send from the Borough.

Line 11.—"Cortez" is of course a mistake. The discoverer of the Pacific was Vasco Nunez de Balboa, and the date of the discovery, 1513.

P. 174.—"The poetry of earth is never dead"—see note on Leigh Hunt's sonnet, supra.



A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by .	141
A plaintive sonnet flowed from Milton's pen	IIO
A point of life between my Parents' dust .	152
A rose, as fair as ever saw the north	90
After dark vapours have oppressed our	
plains	176
Again thou reignest in thy golden hall .	163
Ah, sweet Content, where is thy mild abode?	73
Ah! were she pitiful as she is fair	25
Ah! what a weary race my feet have run .	113
Alexis, here she stayed; among these pines	80
All are not taken; there are left behind .	193
All holy influences dwell within :	167
All ye who far from town in rural hall .	118
And yet I cannot reprehend the flight .	30
As when it happeneth that some lovely	
town	89
Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints,	
whose bones	102
Be not afraid to pray—to pray is right .	186
Beauty, sweet Love, is like the morning	
dew	31
215	

	PAGE
Because thou wast the daughter of a king.	27
Being your slave, what should I do but tend Bright Star! would I were steadfast as thou	53
art	181
Calm is all nature as a resting wheel Cambridge, with whom, my pilot and my	125
guide	108
Captain or Colonel, or Knight in Arms .	95
Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night	33
Clear Anker, on whose silver-sanded shore	35
Come hither, all sweet maidens soberly . Come, Sleep, O Sleep! the certain knot of	177
peace	20
times hard	114
cloud	100
	106
Cyriack, whose grandsire on the royal bench	105
Daughter to that good Earl, once President	97
Dear to the Loves, and to the Graces vowed Death, be not proud, though some have	153
called thee	75
Deem not devoid of elegance the sage .	112
Earth has not anything to show more fair .	126
Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!	166
Fair is my Love, and cruel as she's fair	28
Fair Proud! now tell me, why should fair be proud?	10
216	

	PAGE
Farewell! thou art too dear for my possess-	
ing .	59
Fresh Spring, the herald of Love's mighty	
King	149
From you have I been absent in the spring.	63
Full many a glorious morning have I seen.	50
and many a ground and many and a second	3-
Gaily and greenly let my seasons run.	191
Give me thy joy in sorrow, gracious Lord.	189
Give pardon, blessed soul, to my bold cries	26
Great men have been among us; hands that	
penned	133
Green in the valuer in the sunny grass .	164
Happy ye leaves whenas those lily hands .	6
Harry, whose tuneful and well-measured	
song	98
High is our calling, Friend !- Creative Art	143
Highway! since you my chief Parnassus be	21
How like a winter hath my absence been .	62
How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of	
youth	94 122
How sweet the tuneral bens responsive pear:	122
I love to rise ere gleams the tardy light .	116
I met a traveller from an antique land .	170
I must not grieve my Love, whose eyes	
would read	32
I tell you, hopeless grief is passionless	194
I think we are too ready with complaint .	195
I thought of Thee, my partner and my guide If by dull rhymes our English must be	146
chained	179
ontonion	-19

217

	PAGE
If music and sweet poetry agree	76
If thou survive my well-contented day .	49
In eddying course when leaves began to fly	121
In vain to me the smiling mornings shine .	109
Inland, within a hollow vale, I stood	130
It flows through all hushed Ægypt and its	_
sands	165
It is a beauteous Evening, calm and free .	127
It is not death, that sometimes in a sigh .	188
It is not to be thought of that the Flood .	134
It may indeed be phantasy when I	158
	2
Lady, that in the prime of earliest youth .	96
Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son .	104
Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to	
dust	23
Let me not deem that I was made in vain .	184
Let me not to the marriage of true minds .	70
Let others sing of Knights and Paladines .	34
Life with yon Lambs, like day, is just begun	156
Like as a huntsman after weary chase .	13
Like as a ship that through the ocean wide	II
Like as the Culver on the bared bough .	17
Like as the waves make towards the pebbled	-/
shore	54
Look how the flower which lingeringly doth	54
fade	84
Look how the pale queen of the silent night	
Look what immortal floods the sunset pours	39
Lord, with what care hast Thou begint us	169
round!	
	91
Love, banished heaven, in earth was held in scorn	
scom	37

218

	PAGE
Mark when she smiles with amiable cheer.	12
Mary! I want a lyre with other strings .	115
Methought I saw my late espoused saint .	107
Methought I saw the grave where Laura	
lay	5
Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour	132
Most glorious Lord of life! that on this day	14
Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes	154
Much have I travelled in the realms of gold	173
Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?	43
My love is strengthen'd, though more weak	
in seeming	65
My lute, be as thou wast when thou didst	
grow	81
My spotless love hovers with purest wings.	. 29
My true love hath my heart, and I have his	22
Mysterious Night! when our first parent	
knew	162
No longer mourn for me when I am dead .	57
Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul	68
Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room	124
0 0.1. 4777.1	
O brooding Spirit of Wisdom and of Love.	192
O ever skilled to wear the form we love!	120
Ofriend! I know not which way I must look	131
O it is pleasant, with a heart at ease.	159
O lift with reverent hand that tarnished	
flower	161
O, never say that I was false of heart.	69
O Nightingale! that on you bloomy spray.	93
O shady vales, O fair enriched meads.	24
O soft embalmer of the still midnight!	180
O Time! who know'st a lenient hand to lay	123

Of this fair volume which we World do name Oh, if thou knew'st how thou thyself dost	85
harm	77
On this lone isle, whose rugged rocks affright Once did She hold the gorgeous East in fee	119
One day I wrote her name upon the strand.	16
Pleasures lie thickest where no pleasures	
Seem	190
Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth . Prometheus, when first from heaven high .	72 4
Rudely thou wrongest my dear heart's desire	7
Set me whereas the sun doth parch the green	3
Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? . Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor bound-	45
less sea	56
Since honour from the honourer proceeds .	18
Since there's no help, come let us kiss and	. 0
part	38
Small comfort might my banish'd hopes recall	79 78
So am I as the rich, whose blessed key .	51
Surprised by joy-impatient as the Wind .	144
Sweet bird, that sing st away the early hours	88
Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said	52
Sweet poet of the woods, a long adieu!	117
Sweet Spring, thou turn'st with all thy goodly train	82
Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense.	148
That time of year thou mayst in me behold	58
The crackling embers on the hearth are dead	182
The expense of spirit in a waste of shame .	71

	PAGE
The froward violet thus did I chide	64
The grey-eyed Morn was saddened with a	
shower	171
The last and greatest herald of heaven's	•
King	86
The long Love that in my thought I harbour	T
The merry Cuckoo, messenger of Spring .	8
The poetry of earth is never dead	174
The soote season, that bud and bloom furth	-/-
brings	2
The soul of man is larger than the sky .	183
The world is too much with us; late and	103
	138
Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now	60
There are no colours in the fairest sky	147
There is an awful quiet in the air	185
There is a little unpretending Rill	145
There is a silence where hath been no sound	187
There's not a nook within this solemn Pass	150
These eyes, dear Lord! once brandons of	0
desire	87
They that have power to hurt and will do	
none	61
This holy season, fit to fast and pray.	9
Thou art returned, great light, to that blest	
hour	92
Though joy attend thee orient at the birth.	151
Though the bold wings of Poesy affect .	157
Thrice toss these oaken ashes in the air .	40
Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts .	48
To me, fair friend, you never can be old .	66
To one who has been long in city pent .	175
Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men!	129
Two Voices are there; one is of the Sea .	142

	PAGE
Under what beechen shade or silent oak .	168
Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel	
old	IOI
Well mayst thou halt, and gaze with bright-	
ening eye!	137
Were I as base as is the lowly plain. What doth it serve to see Sun's burning face	41 83
When Faith and Love, which parted from	03
thee never	99
When I consider how my light is spent .	103
When I do count the clock that tells the	
time	44
When I have borne in memory what has	
tamed	135 178
When I have fears that I may cease to be. When I have seen by Time's fell hand de-	170
faced	55
When, in disgrace with fortune and men's	
eyes	46
When in the chronicle of wasted time .	67
When late the trees were stript by Winter	
pale	III
When to the sessions of sweet silent thought	47
Where lies the land to which you ship must	140
Whiles in my Soul I feel the soft warm hand	
Whither, oh! whither wilt thou wing thy	74
way?	172
Why art thou silent? Is thy love a plant .	155
Why should your fair eyes with such sovran	
grace	30
Wings have we, -and as far as we can go .	136

222

With how sad steps, O Moon! thou climb'st	PAGE
the skies! With ships the sea was sprinkled far and	19
nigh	139
Yes, gentle Time, thy gradual, healing hand	160
Zephyrus brings the time that sweetly	
scenteth,	42

RECEASE CLAY & SONS, LIBETED, BUILD STREET HILL, E.C., AND WINGST, STIFFOLE.





UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

000 669 474

